

Thrilling Adventures *and* Daring Deeds





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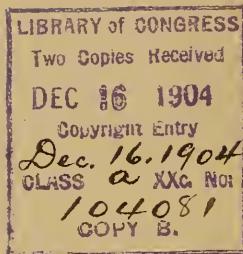
MILO A. EVEREST.

THRILLING ADVENTURES
AND
DARING DEEDS
OF
LIEUT. BENJAMIN EVEREST
AND OTHERS

W. C. Brewster
FAVORITE POEMS, SPIRITED AND INSPIRING
FOR THE HOME AND FIRESIDE

ROXBURGHE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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P R E F A C E.

Whenever a new publication is presented to the public, it is very common for the author to make some excuses by the way of introduction; and when a new author issues a book, the general inquiry is. Who is this author and where does he hail from? Such information may be found on page 200—

There were BRAVE and NOBLE men in the early history of this the-American Republic, whose THRILLING ADVENTURES will be cherished by the true and the fearless, and their history will pass down from one generation to another.

The DARING DEEDS of Lieut. BENJAMIN EVEREST—and others, as related in this little book, are not fictitious or imaginary, but authentic, and took place when America had need of the bravest and ablest men and women on earth in order to secure their liberty and maintain their independence.

True honor, and wisdom, have maintained this REPUBLIC—until she can now, and hereafter be properly called—THE STAR OF THE WORLD.

THRILLING ADVENTURES
AND
DARING DEEDS.

Lieutenant Benjamin Everest and his brother Joseph were born in Salisbury Conn., and moved with their father Benjamin to Addison Vt., in 1768. Three years before this their brother Zadock, who was born in Shaybrook Conn., moved to Addison; became one of the first settlers, and was the first appointed court judge in Addison County. His dwelling was made for a time the court-house and jail.

His Brother Benjamin was well known, and noted when a young man for his power and activity in all athletic exercises.

There was not one in all the settlement that could **RUN, JUMP, OR WRESTLE WITH HIM.**

With a heart that never knew the sensation of fear, and a frame capable of enduring any hardship he was by nature well fitted to take part in those early and troublesome times.

In August 1773 when Allen, Warner and

Baker came up to help the settlers drive off Col. Reid and his Yorkers from their position at Vergennes, Everest with his brother Zadock and other neighbors joined them.

After having torn down the mills, burned the dwellings, and destroyd the settlement, being all ready to return, Allen made such an impression on Benjamin, their spirits were so much in unison, that he wished to go with Allen as more trouble with the Yorkers was expected.

Allen was glad of his service and soon gave him a sergeants warrant in hand. From that time until the opening of the Revolution, Everest was with Allen more or less.

On receipt of intelligence of the battle of Lexington, Everest immediately reported to Col. Allen's headquarters, where he received a Lieutenant's commission, which was afterwards confirmed.

He was very active and useful in procuring men and information, and in many ways aided in the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and was with Allen when he demanded the surrender of the fort (TICONDEROGA) in the name of the "GREAT JEHOVAH AND CONTINENTAL CONGRESS."

After Allen was taken prisoner at Montreal

Everest and his company were incorporated into Col. Seth Warner's regiment and was with Warner at the battle of Hubbardton, and with his company as rangers held the British in check by making a dash here and there, in and out of the woods, facilitating and covering the retreat of Warner who had decided it was best to fall back to a better position.

Everest at this time received the thanks of Warner for the bravery there displayed by himself and men.

Everest commanded the fort at Rutland during the summer of 1778. Major Careton having come down the lake in the fall of that year with his fleet, undertook extensive repairs in and around the old fort at Crown Point, concerning which the American officers desired some certain information. Everest was asked to go.

He was willing and was called one of the best, as he was acquainted with the locality, having lived for a number of years in that section of the country. Doffing his uniform, he soon procured a Tory dress (gray), and boldly entered the garrison and offered his services as a workman. He was set to tend masons. At this work he made himself very acceptable by his promptness and cheerfulness.

After a few days he had acquired about all the information that was desired, and was planning to give up his position and return to the American army when, as ill fortune would have it, a man by the name of Benedict who was an early settler in Addison, but who espoused the British cause; came into the fort for some purpose, and there saw Everest and knew him; but Everest did not see Benedict.

Benedict at once informed the officer who was then in command at the old fort that one of his workmen was a spy, and that he was an officer from the American army, and before Everest was aware that he was in anyway suspected, a sergeant and a file of soldiers, who were on duty that day, came to him and informed him that the commanding officer desired to see him at his office. Everest at once believed that something of an unusual nature was to be made known to him.

He readily obeyed the summons and accompanied the soldiers to the commander's office.

Soon after entering the office Everest was asked,—“Have you been in any way connected with the American army? Everest did not know at first what sort of a reply to make, but as soon as he could collect his thoughts he said,

“What do you take me to be? I’m a laboring man sir, and came here to obtain work.”

“But, said the officer in charge, ‘I have some valuable information relative to your work prior to entering this place. Mr. Benedict with whom I presume you are somewhat acquainted, will be a witness against you. I therefore shall hold you—as prisoner of war, and your trial will take place sometime in the near future.’”

He was then ordered to be put in prison, where he was confined nine days.

Meanwhile Major Carleton of the British army had collected thirty-nine prisoners of war, and a number of them were neighbors and acquaintances of Everest; and all this was accomplished through information furnished by the old TORY Benedict. The British officers held a counsel in regard to Everest and decided to take him to Montreal, and there try him as a spy.

Soon after this he was ordered to be put in irons and taken on board one of the vessels that was about ready to set-sail.

On board this vessel was his younger brother Joseph, Kellogg, and Spaulding, who were also held as prisoners.

It was now a little past the middle of November, a severe storm from the north-east came on,

with the wind blowing furiously. The vessel was ordered to sail down to Ticonderoga, and there take on more freight before proceeding to Canada. While at this place the wind shifted to the north-west, and the storm increased.

The prisoners were kept on the quarter deck so called, with nothing to cover them but a leaky old canvas. Everest would often ask the officer in charge to take off his irons, and give them the prisoners, something better for a shelter, to protect them from the storm. His reply was, "GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU REBELS." After some time however, Everest prevailed. The irons were taken off and a better canvas was put up, which made it somewhat more comfortable.

Everest and the prisoners, then had a good opportunity to consult with one another in regard to making their escape that night as they understood the boat was to set sail for Canada in the morning. Everest suggested that sometime in the night, they swim to the shore or bridge but there was a sentinel to contend with, and how to overcome this difficulty was the great question. It was proposed to buy a bottle of rum, and then treat the sentinel until he became of no account, and by so doing they would have no further difficulty, as they could easily swim to

the bridge that crossed the lake.

It was not long after their plans were made before Everest had an opportunity to visit with one of the sailors, who said there was plenty of old rum to be had, and furthermore he said he would purchase a bottle for him if he could furnish the money to pay for it.

Everest gave him some money, and the sailor went for the article. On his return just as he stepped on the deck the captain met him and said, "What have you got there?" "Nothing sir," was the sailors reply. Again the captain said, in a gruff voice, "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?" The sailor then drew from under his coat a bottle of rum, and stepping forward handed it to the captain, who while looking it over, drew the cork and after snuffing it, he took a look at the sailor which was far from anything of a pleasant manner, at the same time saying, "You don't want anything of the kind," and stepping to the side of the boat he emptied the bottle of rum in the lake, and threw in the bottle also, saying, "I'll take of you."

Soon after this the captain went away, and it was supposed he had gone to forbid the sale of liquor to his men.

But this did not however, frighten the sailor

in the least, for in a very short time he came to Everest and said, "To the devil with him," meaning the captain, "I will try and procure another bottle if you can furnish the money to pay for it, and the captain will not have the honor to examine it, I can assure you."

Everest gave him some more money and soon he went away saying, "If I am questioned as to what became of the first bottle, I shall say it dropped from my hand on the deck of the boat and went all to smash. Meanwhile in the absence of the sailor the captain came on deck and after looking around and making a few rough remarks, he retired for the night.

It was not long after this, when the sailor came back—smiling, and quickly approaching Everest he said in a very low tone of voice, "I have been successful, here is a quart bottle full of old rum, I was quite sure I would be able to purchase another bottle." Everest and the prisoners were more than pleased. Soon the cork was pulled and they all had a drink. After this the sailor retired for the night.

Everest and his comrade prisoners again very quietly talked over the project which was uppermost on their minds in regard to the plan of escape.

It was then about midnight and the storm nearly over and all was quiet on the boat, the officers and crew having retired for the night leaving one man to guard the prisoners.

Everest went out near the guard and talked with him—invited him to take a drink and to stand under the canvas where it was more comfortable, which invitation was accepted.

After a little while they had another drink from the bottle, and soon the guard appeared extra friendly, and he would drink as often as it was offered to him. About that time they all became somewhat cheerful.

After moving some boxes to make the place more convenient, the rum was passed around again; at this time the guard drank quite freely, and was pretty mellow.

Everest was somewhat bold and ventured to take the guard's sword and examine it, and on returning it he said, "He wished he could have the honor to carry such a one." Then it was proposed to finish up the bottle of rum and go to sleep, which was agreed to.

The prisoners had now accomplished their purpose, the guard soon leaned over and was sound asleep and the time now came for the escape.

The prisoners quickly took off their clothes

and tied them in bundles and fastened them up on their heads. Everest was to lead off and the rest to follow. The boat was heavily loaded, therefore the distance from the deck down to the water was not far.

Everest said to his friends, "Come on,"—and soon lowered himself into the water, and then for the bridge he went a swimming which was forty rods away. It made him almost cry out aloud when he first entered the water, it was so piercing cold. Spaulding was the next to follow but the water was so cold he crawled back on the boat. This so frightened the others they would not make the attempt.

Everest however was successful in reaching the bridge on which he crept to a small pile of boards that protected him somewhat from the wind, but before he could dress he came near perishing, it was so much colder out of the water than in. It did not take him long to dress for he had managed to keep his clothing dry.

There was a party of British on the east side of the lake and Indians on the west side.

After warming up somewhat and looking over the situation, he concluded to pass through the Indian encampment, for his dress was gray the Tory uniform.

He believed that if seen by any of them, they would think he was from the British encampment on the opposite shore of the lake, and that he was out with special orders.

Just before reaching the shore he discovered a large quantity of goods piled up under a shed-like building; this he believed was the general freight house it covered nearly the whole bridge. There was a narrow passage-way and in this there stood (or rather leaned) a sentinel.

In this dismal place there was a small lantern which furnished a little light. Everest looked about him for a stick or a weapon of some kind but could find nothing.

How to pass this sentinel was more than a question. He then concluded to go back and pass out at the east end of the bridge; but on arriving there, he found it was closed and in such a manner as to make it very difficult to climb over without making considerable noise.

He therefore concluded to go back and examine the west end once more.

He recollects he had a razor in his pocket, and with this article of defence approached very cautiously. He then discovered the sentinel had not moved out from his former position.

This circumstance led Everest to think he was

asleep. With his razor in hand, and his face toward the sentinel, he passed within six inches of him, ready to cut his throat, if necessary, in order to make his escape.

Having reached the shore, he then folded his arms like it was the custom with the British Lords, and walked slowly through the Indian encampment. Only a few Indians were up and they were sitting on a log near an old fire and did not appear to notice him.

Everest then went in a north-westerly direction with a quick step for he was cold and had a strong desire to get out of that section as soon as possible for he was in the enemy's country.

He had not gone far before he came into a field the French had cleared some years before, and through it there was a deep ditch dug that he knew nothing of previous to this time.

It formed on one side a steep—embankment with pointed stakes firmly embedded.

It being dark, and Everest in somewhat of a hurry, he tumbled into the ditch, which was full of water. It was then a struggle for life, or a life-struggle to get out. Finally he succeeded in climbing the embankment after breaking off a number of stakes. Then dripping wet he hastened on to keep warm.

He then went in a south-westerly direction about one mile, and came to where there had been a big fire. After satisfying himself that no one was near to the place, he rebuilt the fire which gave him a good opportunity to dry his clothes. This fire was probably built by some Indian hunter the day before.

He there lingered by the fire until about day-break, and then he secreted himself in a thick piece of woods and—amongst some large trees that had fallen down in a cluster; This he said was a good hiding place although it could not be called very pleasant.

In that lonely condition, with no company but that of brush and logs, he managed to be contented through the day, at night he went up on the hill south-west from Bullwaggy bay.

From that place he had a most excellent view of the surrounding country.

Knowing the British were most everywhere along the line of the lake he kept well back considering this to be in his favor.

Early the next morning he concluded to venture down and call on Mr. Webster, an old acquaintance of his who lived near the lake about one mile south of Port Henry.

Webster was out chopping wood when Everest

met him. It did not take him long to relate the trouble and condition he was in; they started to go in the house, but on looking up the lake they saw a number of British vessels coming down the lake in a good breeze, under full sail.

Everest immediately, by advice of Webster, went into the woods near by. Webster then carried to him some food which he desired very much, having been without food for nearly three days. Webster agreed to keep on the lookout until after dark; and when the coast was clear to go out to the woodpile and chop some wood and whistle a tune agreed upon.

The fleet soon after this came to anchor right in front of Webster's old house. When all was favorable the signal was given for Everest to return to the woodpile.

That night Mr. Webster with his canoe carried Everest across the lake to the Vermont shore very near his old home in Addison.

After visiting a short time with many of his acquaintances he then returned to his station at Rutland, where he made a full report relative to the condition of things at Crown Point, how he was arrested, and how he made his escape.

While at Rutland he received orders to enlist as many men as possible, and no time was lost,

for in less than two months he had enrolled two hundred as brave and able bodied men, he said, "As ever wore shoe-leather."

They were early settlers, mostly from Mass., Rhode Island, and Conn. Everest would often say, "They were men of the right stamp," they would not bend or bow the knee to any foreign power. They hated oppression of every kind, and abhored slavery, both of body and mind, and regarded all bondage a great hindrance to that onward progress which alone can elevate mankind to the true standard of liberty, which is marked out by the finger of God.

And so long as memory shall cluster in the chamber of wisdom, the war of the Revolution, and its heroes will not be forgotten.

A PICTURE NOT FORGOTTEN

Oh, never may be mine the heart that feels
No thrill of joy at memory's fond appeals!

While many a weary pathway we may tread,
And thick inwoven boughs wave on o'er head;
These scenes the mind's historic leaves unroll,
Will wake the finer chords that thrill the soul.

There are memories that linger forever,
And yearnings deep hid in the breast;
There are feelings unspoken, that never
Shall change till the heart is at rest.

There are hours when the soul is all sadness,
And darkness sits down like a pall,
Pierced by no ray of sunshine or gladness,
And life seems a weariness all.

There are friends whose sympathies cluster,
The loving, the true and the kind
Oh, would that they might ever be near us
To change the sad gloom from the mind.
There's a pathway our feet may leave never,
Marked out for the glory of God,
Where stern Duty is beckoning us ever
Where the footsteps of saints have trod.

There are hopes that will cheer us in sorrow,
Thus faith sheds her heavenly light,
While time points to a fairer to-morrow,
A day not succeeded by night;
Where the faithful ones, wayward and weary,
Are gathered to mansions of rest,
There exchanging the earth-scenes so dreary,
For joy in the home of the blest.

CHAPTER TWO

In the spring a council was held for the purpose of considering plans for taking Ticonderoga, and thus secure the military stores at that place, and convey them to Bennington.

Accordingly Col. Allen was chosen to carrey out the plan, and take with him all the force he required. Everest was sent with a body of men numbering sixty to Whitehall, to reconnoitre and find out the position of the enemy if there were any at that place, and then to join with Allen at West Haven.

Everest with his 60 men arrived at Whitehall late in the afternoon, and encamped that night at a place called "Fiddler's-elbow." In the morning early, Everest told his men that he would take a walk around the point and up the lake a short distance, to see how things looked in that direction, saying as he left, "I will not be gone long; stay here until I come back."

After Everest left the camp and passed around the point a short distance, he was surprised and taken prisoner by a party of twelve Indians, who were secreted in a little clump of bushes that grew in a ravine near the bank of the lake.

The Indians no doubt discovered him walking along the bank and had made their plans to capture him as soon as he came near, for they were all prepared to spring upon him.

Everest knew it would be an act of folly to attempt to break away from them, therefore he submitted to their orders. They soon took from him his knee-buckles and razor, then they bound him according to the Indian custom with raw-hide, and led him up the lake a short distance to where they had several canoes.

They wasted no time in conveying their prisoner to Crown Point, for they acted as though they had something valuable for the British.

At Crown Point they delivered him up to the British officers and soldiers there in camp.

Soon after he was received, a prison pen was built, which consisted of four poles about ten foot long, each end resting on crotched stakes driven in the ground.

In this enclosure Everest was told to be contented "and stay," while a guard was put over him. Shortly after this, Everest asked the Indians who captured him if they would before going away, give him back his knee-buckles and razor, which they did. It was not long after this when a small boat left the shore with one

officer on board. Everest overheard some one say, "They have gone," meaning the officer had gone after some irons to put on him which they said were kept on board one of the large vessels that was at anchor nearly two miles up the lake, and near the old fort where he had been once arrested and put in prison.

Meanwhile a great crowd had collected to see who the prisoner was, and among a number that Everest knew was Bennagor Benedict, who had previously given information which caused his arrest while at work in the old fort.

This Benedict was a genuine old Tory, a man who could make a great noise about nothing.

At this time he was loaded with words of thunder, because they did not tie him.

He swore that Everest would get away from them, for said he, "I know him, he made his escape once and he will again before the irons can be put on him."

During this time Everest put on his knee-buckles, and kept walking about the inclosure thinking over what Benedict had said, and was saying; and he knew if the irons were put on him he would be taken to Montreal.

Everest realized what had already taken place and felt somewhat excited, but did not manifest

it in any manner, while Benedict kept up a war of words to create excitement.

Meanwhile a number of young men and soldiers that were off duty, commenced playing and fooling around with each other, by pulling and hauling, and grabbing off their caps and throwing them up in the air, and from one to the other—saying in a musical tone—and from many voices, “Ketch him! ketch him!!”

One of the caps was thrown into the prison-pen, Everest quickly picked it up and placed it on his own head finding it a good fit he wore it, (the cap belonged to a British soldier.)

Everest then threw his own into the crowd, and feeling the need of a little exersise he jumped out of the enclosure or prison pen, and joined in the concert that was then going on, shouting, “Ketch him! ketch him!! ketch him!!!”

Everest did not know what this would lead to, but he saw there would be soon an opening to try his foot power for liberty while in this state of confusion. Soon there was an opening, and Everest entered in with all the foot power he had. He ran up the road some forty rods and then entered the woods in better time than he had ever made before.

Only a few pursued him, one by one they

gave up the chase and went back. One big fellow followed him for sometime and quite near, not more than ten rods away.

Everest had become somewhat angry by this time, and concluded to halt, and let the big fellow come up to him for an introduction if he desired one. Everest stopped running suddenly, and threw off his coat quickly, then faced about, and was ready to meet him.

The big fellow also stopped, and looking back found himself all alone, he then turned and ran nearly as fast back toward the camp. Everest, then began to think about a place to hide, for he believed the enemy would resort to all possible means to capture him, and that a line would be formed from the lake to Bull-waggy-bay before he could get through that place.

His first plan was to find a hollow log or a thicket of under-brush to conceal himself in, but he soon thought this would be unwise, for the Indians would be employed to capture him, and he knew their method of hunting.

He therefore concluded to hasten on as fast as possible, and take the chances on getting out before they could surround him.

Everest, realized he was in a difficult position for soon he came to an open field, here he rested

for a time watching in every direction. It was not long before he discovered the enemy in the woods nearly opposite, having got their line established. Near to where he was standing beside an old stump of a tree, was a ditch used to drain this swamp land and over this ditch there was part of a bridge made of poles and brush.

Here the wildgrass grew thick and rank. Everest dropped down and crawled under the old bridge; he then pulled some grass and sticks around him leaving a place open where he could look out. This proved to be a most excellent hiding place and no doubt saved his life.

Shortly after Everest hid some of the British scouts came marching in haste through the field about four rods apart, and one came within ten feet to where Everest was lying.

They were looking too high to find him. After they had all passed by and had time enough to have gone out of sight, Everest raised his head and saw one of their company looking back; but soon they were out of sight.

Then he turned his head in another direction and saw a man about fifteen rods off coming across the field. He came within a short distance and for some time he thought this man would surely discover him.

Everest meanwhile had made up his mind, if discovered, to give himself up, and at an opportune moment disable his captor. This officer expected to find him up a tree from the way he looked for him. It was not long after this when he discovered some Indians out near the woods, soon they came near the middle of the field and sat down in a line back to back, until sundown, and when the evening gun was fired they got up and started for the fort. There was a foot-path through this field which they had made.

From time to time, other squads of Indians were seen by Everest passing through this field until after 10 o'clock that night.

Everest believed there were more than two hundred in all who passed over this clearing while he was there. At about 11 o'clock, he left his hiding place and crept through the wild grass to the woods on the opposite side

Then he took a south-westerly course intending to reach Lake George. His courage was then good, but soon he came to another clearing on the opposite side, and in the direction he was going he discovered a dim light at the edge of the woods. This brought on a change of feeling, fearing it to be an Indian camp.

After standing still for a short time and not

discovering anyone in that direction, he crept toward the dim light until he could see that no one was stopping there—**FROM THE APPEARANCE OF THINGS THERE HAD BEEN THE DAY BEFORE.**

Everest rekindled the fire and was soon comfortably warm. After this he entered the woods and hastened on fast as possible.

He had proceeded scarcely fifty rods before he was surprised and somewhat frightened to hear a dreadful clatter and cracking in the brush and bushes near by.

His first thought was Indians. But he soon discovered a number of deer had been frightened out of the camp this led him to believe that Indians were not in that section of the country. Everest then listened to the noise of the deer and soon discovered their course was south-west and about the same direction he wanted to go, therefore he thought it would be wise to follow their direction for they would not lead him into any difficulty.

He traveled on in their direction until about 3 o'clock that morning. Meanwhile he was thinking there was a farmer living in Benson by the name of Fuller who had two sons in the American army. Everest had never met Mr. Fuller but had met his sons and daughter on two occa-

sions, and had no doubt they were loyal to the American cause, and that it would be safe to call there and obtain something to eat.

Therefore he concluded to change his former plans and call on Mr. Fuller for refreshments.

He then changed his course for Fuller's where he arrived at 7 o'clock that morning.

He met Mr. Fuller when he was coming from the barn to the house where he had been doing chores. Everest made himself known as well as he could in a few words. Mr. Fuller then invited him into the house. His house was substantially made of logs, the parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen were on the ground floor, and they were all in one, which was much the style in those days.

Everest had not been in the house but a few moments when a bright little woman came in with a pail of milk and said, "Father can't you take the gentleman's cap." Then taking another look she quickly recognized him--whom she had met on two former occasions.

It did not take her very long to manifest her pleasure in meeting him at this time.

Her mother was busy preparing the breakfast. Everest found them loyal to the American cause; and there was nothing too good for him.

“How quickly the voice of friends strikes deep upon the ear, and vibrates through the heart.”

While stopping with Mr. Fuller, some of their good friends came in, and the day was spent in the good old fashion way—In the evening about eight o’clock Everest left for West Haven.

It was a most delightful starlight night, the moon was full and beautiful.

His new acquaintances made that day were of much value in directing him to West Haven, where he arrived a little after midnight. He came to the main road nearly one mile from the little garrison, and when he discovered he was so near he took off his coat and ran puffing along making noise enough for a regiment. Soon he was inside the picket line his appearance created much excitement among those on guard and others. But in a little while all was quiet again.

In the morning he had breakfast with the officers and after relating his experience to them, and taking a couple hours rest he started on for South Bay to find his men he left at Fiddler’s-elbow, near Whitehall.

On arrival at that place he found his men all there and in good health. If friends ever were glad to meet it was at this time, for they had worried night and day while looking for him.

As soon as Everest could account for his absence and relate his experience which they were so anxious to hear, they packed up their tents and equipments and then started back for West Haven, and there joined Col. Allen's regiment, and from this place they soon went up to Ticonderoga, and took that town.

Everest had orders here to stay and superintend in moving the military stores which they had taken. A few boats were obtained to transport the goods to Whitehall, no time was lost in loading the boats, for it was reported that some of the British vessels were in sight coming up the lake in a good sailing breeze.

All the boats that were then loaded with goods were ordered to leave at once, or soon as possible. The boat that Everest, and his brother Zadock had command of was the last to leave, and they were obliged to run their boat to the shore in order to prevent being captured. At this time they lost many things of value. After landing and climbing up the hill from the shore, Everest ventured back to secure his coat that he had left in the boat. He had not proceeded far before the British commenced to fire at him.

Everest said, "It did not take me very long to climb back over the hill, and disappear from

their sight." After overtaking his brother and party, he was somewhat surprised on looking the coat over, to find he had secured his brother's in place of his own.

THE SOUND OF WAR.

Friend, hast thou from dark clouds heard
thunder break,
In peels so loud you'd think the dead
would wake?
And livid lightning flashing, darting
thro' the air,
Causing the mind to fill with terror
and despair.

Friend, hast thou been where hosts
engage in war?
Where balls and shells with terror
pierce the air?
Where the hero stands firm amid
explosions dier,
Inwrapped in clouds of powder-smoke,
and flames of fire.

Soon after the Battle, our boys wrote home,
They'd been out gathering the dead,
They could not then, all their losses relate,
For the field was covered, they said.
Many hundred slain, in the graves were laid,
This slaughter, our General, called hell!
The fiery-blue haze, made the earth look pale
Where many BRAVE soldiers fell.

In that letter it said, "You may all know,
Our boys had pure courage, and grit;
While time after time, a gap in their ranks
Would tell where some missile had hit."
They have bravely answer'd to every call,
While meekly they owned God's favor,
And now through history we can recall,
The Nation's roll of honor.

They also said, "We have burdens to share,
While for this our Nation we stand,
And should it cast down the last soldier here,
Our Banner shall wave o'er the land."
There are millions on this beautiful shore,
The shore of the brave and the free;
Who can look back to the years long past,
When war-clouds rolled like the sea.

CHAPTER THREE.

After the capture of Burgoyne Everest obtained a furlough, with the intention of visiting Addison to look after his father's property, his father having gone back to Connecticut with his family. Not knowing how matters stood in that section, he approached warily, keeping on the highlands between Otter Creek and the lake, intending to strike the settlement at Vergennes, and then turn back to Addison. Arriving at the Falls at dark, he kindled a fire and lay down.

About midnight he awoke by the warwhoop and found himself a prisoner to a party of Indians that were on their way to **LAKE MEMPHRAMAGOG** to attend a council of most of the tribes of Canada, New York and New England. He suffered much from the thongs with which he was bound at first, but understanding the nature of the Indians very well, he so gained their confidence that they showed him more leniency afterwards. On the breaking up of the council he was brought back to the western shore of **LAKE CHAMPLAIN** near Whallons Bay, where they encamped for the winter.

Everest had been pondering in his mind for a

long time various plans for escape, but concluded to wait until the LAKE was frozen.

It was now December, and the LAKE had been frozen some two or three days, the ice was as smooth as glass, the sun shone out quite pleasantly, and the air was comfortable.

The Indians prepared for a frolic on the ice; many of them had skates and were very good skaters. Everest asked to be permitted to go down and see the sport, as he had never seen any one skate; they gave him leave to go, two or three evidently keeping an eye on him. He expressed his wonder and delight at their performances so natural that all suspicion was lulled.

After a time when the Indians began to be tired somewhat, and many were taking off their skates, Everest asked a young Indian who had just taken off a very fine pair to let him try and SKATE. This the Indians readily consented to, expecting to have some sport out of the white man's falls and awkwardness.

Everest put on the SKATES got up, and no sooner up than down he came, STRIKING heavily on the ice; and again he essayed to stand and down he fell, and so continued to play the novice until all the Indians had become tired of watching him and were somewhat scattered about the

LAKE. Everest had contrived to stumble and work his way some 15 or 20 rods from the nearest, when he turned and skated a rod or two toward them, and partly falling, he went on his knees, and began to fix and tighten his skates.

This being done, he rose, and striking a few strokes toward the eastern shore, he bent forward to his work, giving himself a few insulting slaps to denote that he was off.

With a whoop and a YELL OF RAGE—the Indians that had on their skates started in persuit. He soon saw that none could overtake him and felt quite confident of his escape.

After getting more than half way across the LAKE; and the ice behind him covered with Indians, he looked toward the east shore and saw two Indians coming arround a point directly in front of him. This did not alarm him for he turned his course directly up the LAKE. Again he looked and saw his persuers [EXCEPTING TO OR THREE OF THEIR BEST SKATERS, WHO FOLLOWED DIRECTLY IN HIS TRACK] had spread themselves in a line from shore to shore. He did not at first understand it, but after having past up the LAKE about three miles, he came suddenly upon one of those immence cracks or fissures in the ice that so frequently occur when the ice is glare.

It ran in the form of a semicircle from shore to shore, the arch in the centre and up the LAKE. The Indians on his flank had already reached the crack, and were coming down toward the middle. Everest flew along the edge of the crack but could find no place that seemed possible for human power to leap. But the enemy were close upon him, he took a short run-backward, and then shooting forward like lightning with every nerve strained, he took the leap and just reached the farther side—None of the Indians dared to follow.

KEEPING IN MEMORY.

There are deeds long past, that linger
And shall we call them blest?
They may cheer, and they may sadden,
Far down within the breast.

The power is not within ones-self
To bid such things depart;
The lurking memories will intwine
Within the human heart.

Out in the twilight, all alone,
Out by the little gate;
I lean, and listen, for footsteps,
I listen, watch and wait.
Bright golden light, fades in the west,
A shade comes o'er the sky,
The dew-drops gather on the leaves,
And tear-drops cluster nigh.

Deep darkness shades the valley round,
And rests upon the hill;
The stars gaze at me lovingly,
While I am waiting still.
Waiting, yes, praying, all for one
As moments swiftly fly,
While in each breeze, yet all unseen,
They whisper, "Coming nigh."

A light, a soft pale silv'ry light,
O'er-speads the mountain brow;
The cold moon above the hills shine
While I am sad somehow.
Hark! to the steps, I know so well,
I hear him coming now;
Be still, "My throbbing heart, be still,
Belov'd where linger'd thou?"

CHAPTER FOUR.

After the war Everest returned again to his home in Addison, where his father lived from 1769 to 1776, then he was driven by the enemy, and returned to Salisbury Conn. with his family, and there died before the close of the war.

A number of useful articles that belonged to his father had been hidden away by some one of the family, and no doubt expected Benjamin would find them on his return home—And sure enough he wasn't at home long before he found, an ax, two old books, one iron-kettle, and the old kitchen tongs. These articles Everest would often refer to, as of much value to him.

He soon returned to Salisbury the place of his childhood, and there purchased a number of articles that belonged to the estate of his father; and then with the articles and his venerable mother returned back to Addison and there engaged in farming. Meantime he could not forget Miss Patty Fuller, who had taken so much interest in his welfare while stopping at her home after making his second escape from the British.

He said, "I'll never be contented until I have seen Miss Fuller, once more." It was not long

before he had business out in that section of the country where she lived, AND QUITE FREQUENTLY, which resulted in an old fashion wedding, [MOST ROYAL]— And for more than 60 years they shared each others company, in joy, and in sorrow.

During these years they were blest with a family of children, 7 boys and 4 girls, who grew up to love and honor their father and mother, and who were a credit to their country and name. Each year as time past on, the children would return home and there have a re-union by the old fireside, and there present to father and mother, a token of some kind, to beautify their love and affection for them.

The first break in the family circle was caused by the death of Benjamin F. at the age of 42.

The next to follow was the beloved mother, the STAR OF THE HOME.

Passed beyond all toil and trouble,
Passed beyond this world of care;
Entered through the gates to glory,
Entered where the loved ones are.

Her trust was in God who gave her wisdom to direct in the destiny of her children. On the 3rd of March following, her true and life-long companion crossed life's river to meet her.

Among the early pensioners who were granted a pension by act of congress, was one to Lieut. Benjamin Everest, of \$240 a year. This sum was at that time considered a large pension.

In every war America has been engaged in, some of the descendants of Benjamin Everest were there, LOYAL, FAITHFUL, AND TRUE TO THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

On a monument at West Addison, Vermont. bears the following inscription:

Lieut. BENJAMIN EVEREST
WAS BORN AT SALISBURY CONNECTICUT
Jan. 12th, 1752,
AND MOVED WITH HIS FATHER BENJAMIN
TO THIS TOWN IN 1768, AND DIED HERE
March 3rd, 1843,
AGED 91 YEARS.

Thus lies the Christian,
The Philanthropist
The Revolutionary hero
And the Patriot.

Should we who live to laud the deeds of our ancestors, and who in part live by the result of their labor, be content with less intelligence, or less patriotism? **A STATE EXISTS IN ITS HISTORY.**

Take away the memory of the past, and what remains? A name, and only a name. Take away the sample and all the recorded wisdom of the past, and what ray of light would be left for our guidance? What could we do but grope through darkness and inexperience, and wonder in the maze of perpetual childhood? If we are bound to respect the claims of posterity, we likewise owe a debt to our ancestry.

A few recorded circumstances and events are herein related, touching the early experiences of the **GREEN MOUNTAIN SETTLERS** which might serve to interest the reader, and keep within a proper limit so as to be prudent, and not dwell long upon any single line, but at the same time relate some of the trials and perplexities our venerable fathers had to encounter, and the labor they experienced in subduing the forests, and braving the dangers and vicissitudes to which their condition exposed them.

Besides the labor and privations with which they all had to struggle, the country at that time was considerably infested with wolves, panthers

and bears, which rendered it somewhat dangerous many times to venture a great distance from home without being properly armed and equipped to meet a deadly foe in the character of some ferocious and hungry wild beast. Still they were often under the necessity of journeying into the wilderness, and sometimes to a considerable distance.

At that time, most of the inhabitants owned one cow, and for many years the pasture which they had for their cattle consisted of the forest, and not unfrequently they would ramble to a considerable distance, in which case the only guide the owner had in seeking them was the sound of the bell, fastened with a leather strap to the neck of the favorite cow.

I have heard of several instances of inhabitants being beset by bears in their ramble, in search of cattle. Wolves were not so plenty in Vermont as in many other sections, yet flocks of sheep, though small, were sometimes destroyed by them—Yet some of the wild animals, were a benefit at times, especially bears, as their flesh, many times, served in part to furnish the settlers with meat, (which from domestic animals was very scarce,) and their skin were used for moccasins and various other purposes.

The early inhabitants of Vermont were never slow to show themselves capable and willing to make war against all intrusions of wild beasts.

It was many years ago told how Ranney and Brown went down to visit the old bear's den as it had been the custom, there they found much the same appearance as the year before. Immediately, Ranney's dog went into the den.

Mrs. Bruin not liking such an unceremonious call, or being partial as to what company she entertained, soon ejected him from her domicile, and followed him out, intending to give him such a flagellation that he would be more manerly in introducing himself upon the notice of strangers. As quiet as she was, he acted as if he thought she had hurried him out rather too quick, and that in doing so she had been as rough and unceremonious as he had, and that he shouldn't hurry about leaving the dooryard, but would take the next lesson there.

The bear and dog immediatly closed in for a fight. The men, with their snow shoes on stood by. Ranney saw at a glance that his dog would get the worst of the fight unless he had help immediately; so he stepped astride of the bear, and took an ear in each hand. When she felt the whole weight of this new element in the contro-

versy was made to bear upon her, she turned her attention from the plaintive and suppliant tones of the dog to the more defiant antagonist on her back. In her effort to get rid of Ranney, she took his hand into her mouth and bit it through. Ranney couldn't fight any more; but Brown's dog, when he found there was fighting, applied himself to her haunches, which had a tendency to lacerate her feelings so severely, she now turned her attention to him, having no further fear of Ranney or his dog.

Meanwhile Brown had cut a small club, and came to the scene of action just in time the bear turned upon his dog. She had hurt him so that he wouldn't trouble her any more than Ranney and the first dog. The bear at once raised herself upon her haunches to fight Brown.

He struck at her, but she would either dodge the blow or ward it off with her fore feet, and every time she warded off or dodged a blow she would step back and strike again. Ranney in the meantime begging Brown to desist and let the bear go, and come and do up his hand.

Brown, however, didn't feel like beating a retreat under such circumstances, and kept plying the blows. After some time spent in striking, dodging, and hitching up, the bear made a mis-

take in the rule of fencing and a blow fell upon her nose, which she instantly dropped into the snow, and Brown, plying his club vigorously, soon killed her. He then did up Ranney's hand, and he started for home. Brown dressed the bear, and found the ball he had shot her with the year before. He then went into the den and found two more cubs, which he killed on the spot. When asked why he didn't keep and tame them, he replied. "He found it a d— sight easier to kill young bears than old ones."

ON THE LINE OF WISDOM.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

It's no use hiding from a friend what's known to an enemy.

A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.

If you would know what a dollar is worth try to borrow one.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

It is impossible at this day to form a just conception of the hardships encountered by early settlers of Vermont, leaving the comforts and conveniences of an older country, moving to a distant wilderness into dwellings insufficient to protect them from the wintry blast and with but scanty fare: yet with unremitting toil they sought to clear them up a home. And yet with all their industry and frugality, for the first few years it was difficult to raise sufficient provisions to subsist upon.

Their corn had to be brought from the river towns upon horses, a great part of the distance through the forest, guided by marked trees.

At one time being out of provisions Jonathan Gray and a neighbor started for the Connecticut valley in quest of corn. Not being able to find any on the Vermont side of the river they resolved to cross to the New Hampshire side.

No regular conveyance near and although late in the evening they mounted their horses and attempted to swim them to the other shore, but the darkness was so great that they reached the shore at a considerable distance below the old landing place where a steep bank covered with a heavy growth of bushes prevented their horses from obtaining a footing.

A few lusty halloes, however, brought a sturdy farmer to the bank who exclaimed with a strong Scotch accent: "Hoot, mon, what do ye here." A few words sufficed to explain to him their situation and with the assistance of himself and sons they were soon upon TERRA FIRMA once more, where wet and benumbed with cold they gladly availed themselves of the invitation extended to them by the hospitable Scotchman to spend the night at his home.

The following morning having procured their corn, they crossed the river by means of a boat and proceeded homeward. Mrs. Brown has often told that when she first came into the town the only covering to their cabin consisted of strips of bark confined to the roof by means of large timbers placed at right angles.

A few plank were split out, upon which was placed her bed; while two more pinned together served them for a door; and in such a dwelling surrounded by wild beasts, and exposed to the vicissitudes of a New England climate, they lived, and they prospered. No hardship so great, no labor so severe, no undertaking so hazardous as to daunt their spirits, or cause them to waver from their firm determination to build them up a home. Hiram Jennings said at one time

when he was a young man and just commenced in life. His family consisted of a wife and one child ;they lived in a rude log house, the door of which was without suitable fastenings.

One night, weary with the labors of the day, they had retired to rest: when about midnight they were awakened by something traveling upon the outside of the bed. They at first supposed it to be a dog, but upon looking up, they at once discovered that their visitant was in fact a full grown bear. They were terribly frightened, but Mr. Jennings quickly springing upon his feet caught him by the hind leg, and endeavored to pull him from the bed, but Bruin, it seems was as much frightened as the rest, for quickly extricating his foot from the grasp, he sprang from the bed leaned for the door, and put for the forest with all speed.

The mountain streams were formerly a favorite resort for the beaver tribe. There are several meadows in town, which were once formed by these industrious little creatures, all of which produce a luxuriant growth of grass.

Some of their dams still remain almost entire, but the greater part of them have been leveled by the plough of the farmer, and the beaver have been destroyed by the hunter.

So you're taking the census, mister? There's
three of us living still,
My wife an' I an' our only son, that folks call
Whisperin' Bill;
But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir, and it's
hardly worth the givin',
For ye see a bullet killed his mind and left
his body livin'.

Set down for a minute, mister, Ye see, Bill
was only fifteen
At the time o' the war, and as likely a boy as
ever this world has seen;
An' what with the news of battles lost, the
speeches an' all the noise,
I guess every farm in the neighborhood lost
a part of its crop of boys.

'Twas harvest time when Bill left home; every
stalk in the fields o' rye
Seemed to stand tiptoe to see him off, an'
wave him a fond good-by;
His sweetheart was here, with some other
girls—the sassy little miss!
An' pretendin' she wanted to whisper 'n his
ear, she gave him a rousin' kiss.

Oh he was a hansum fellew, an' tender an'
brave an' smart,
An' tho' he was taller then I was, the boy
had a woman's heart.

I couldn't control my feelin's but I tried with
all my might,
An' his mother an' me stood a-cryin' till Bill
was out o' sight.

His mother, she often told him, when she
knew he was goin' away,
That God'd take care o' him, mebbe, if he
didn't fergit t' pray;
An' on the bloodiest battlefields, when bullets
whizzed 'n the air,
An' Bill was a-fightin' desperit, he used to
whisper a prayer.

His old comrades have often told me, that Bill
never flinched a bit,
When every second a gap in the ranks told
where a ball had hit.
An' one night, when the field was covered
with the awful harvest o' war,
They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs o'
the cause he was fightin' for.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass-
oh, no, sir, he wasn't dead,
But he lay o' helpless and crazy, with a rifle
ball in his head.
An' if Bill had realy died that night I'd give
all I've got worth givin',
For, y' see, the bullet had killed his mind an'
left his body livin'.

An officer wrote an' told us how the boy had
been hurt in the fight,
But he said that the doctor reckoned they
could bring him around all right.
An' then we heard from a neighbor disabled
at Malvern Hill,
That he thought in course of a week or so
he'd be comin' home with Bill.

We were that axious t' see him we'd set up
an' talk all o' nights,
Till the break o' day had dimmed the stars
an' put out the northern lights.
We waited an' watched fer er month or more,
an' the summer was nerly past,
When a letter came one day that said he'd
started for home at last.

I'll never forget the day Bill came—'twas
harvest time again,
An' the air blown over the yellow fields was
sweet with the scent o' the grain.
The doorway was full o' the neighbors who
had come to share our joy,
And all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the
sight o' that soldier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "My God,
don't the boy know his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an'
starin' from one to another;

“Don’t be afraid, Bill,” said he to himself, as
he stood in his coat of blue,
“God’ll take care o’ you, Bill; God’ll take
care of you.”

He seemed to be loadin’ an’ firin’ a gun, an’
to act like a man who hears
The awful roar o’ the battlefield a-soundin’
in his ears.

I saw that the bullet had touched his brain
an’ somehow made it blind,
With the picture o’ war before his eyes an’
the fear o’ death in his mind.

I grasped his hand, an’ says I to Bill: “Don’t
ye remember me?
I’m ye father—don’t ye know me? How frightened
ened ye seem to be?”
But the boy kep’ a-whisperin’ to himself, as
if ’twas all he knew:
“God’ll take care o’ you, Bill; God’ll take
care o’ you.”

He’s never known us since that day, nor his
sweetheart, an’ never will.
Father an’ mother an’ sweetheart are all the
same to Bill,
An’ many’s the time his mother sets up the
whole night through
An’ smooths his hair an’ says: Yes, Bill, God’ll
take care of you.

Unfortunate? Yes; but we can't complain;
it's a livin' death more sad
When the body clings to a life o' shame,
an' the soul has gone to the bad.
But Bill is out o' the reach o' all harm,
an' dangers of every kind,
We only take care of his body, God takes
care of his mind." —IRVING BACHELLER.

ELDER MOSES CHENEY.

The venerable Dr. Moses Cheney of Sheffield Vt. of whom it can be said that probably no man ever preached, prayed and sung more for thirty years than he. By nature he was a natural spirited and gifted orator, always setting forth so plainly his ideas, that all who heard UNDERSTOOD and were pleased. He was a man capable of the most deeply solemn feelings and looks; but he enjoyed a little fun at the proper time, as well as any other man, and was capable of using sharp words, and was sometimes sarcastic, but never bitter. He used to say sometimes he was sorry to have people laugh under his preaching, but they would, and yet as often the tears would flow with smiles. A stranger to him once told it about right, when she said.

“Father Cheney, I heard you preach once, and I never laughed and cried so much in one sermon.

He abhorred dishonesty in any man, and hated above all things to be cheated; we give an anecdote to illustrate this: The Baptist Society in Derby, on a certain time thought they ought to do more than they were doing for the Elder. So they appointed a committee to purchase a cow and present her to him. They did so, and he was very grateful. But upon trial, the milk of the cow was found to be SKIMMED milk and that continually.

She was faithfully tried for one week; during which time the Elder ascertained that the committee had bought her of a man who had once made him pay for a pair of blinders twice, and that, together with the fact that there was “no cream on the joke,” determined the Elder to return the cow. So one morning he called one of his boys to him, and said: “Here P., take this whip, and drive that cow back to where she came from, and tell Deacon Carpenter that your father says he will stand a law suit before he will take the gift of her.”

He was a high-tempered man, but usually kept that temper under his control, or as he used to say, “he kept down the Dustin blood.”

He was not in the habit of doing things hastily, but when it was necessary for any work of severity to be done, he was not the man to flinch. Among the many peculiar things in his history we may mention some narrow escapes and adventures, when there seemed but a step between him and death." Once barely escaping freezing, having fallen into the water on a very cold day, and having miles to go before he could reach a house. At two different times it was thought he must die with fever. His life was despaired of when he had the measles; and he was once thrown from a carriage and his neck nearly broken. At the age of 18 he had an encounter with a cross bull, which so well sets forth his physical powers, and so well proves that the Dustin blood was "strong blood" even to the fourth generation, we are tempted to a discription of it in his own words. "I was requested by my employer to go to a certain pasture and drive said animal to the bars. I had heard by the by, that he was cross, and drove his owner out of the barn yard only a few days before.

I did not wish to discover cowardice; so not a word was to be said, but out into the large pasture I went in pursuit of the chap. But, by the way, it looked proper enough to furnish myself

with a tough beech sprout about six feet long. I thought it best to go at him as one having authority. At first he seemed to consider me so, and started off very peaceably; but suddenly, as we were rising a steep bank, he whirled and came at me with great fury. I voided out of his way, and flew to a large clump of bass bushes that surrounded a great stump.

Round the bushes, I went, and he after me, on the clean jump. I soon overtook him, and put on the cudgel the whole length of his back. Then he whirled again after me, and I after him, and as often as I overtook him he took six feet of beech. In this way I played circus till my antagonist gave a frightful roar, and took off for the bars. I was still at his heels laying on the beech, till I saw the battle was won.

That was a terrible fight! It was both furious and long; I was very warm and rather short for breath; and as for curl-head, if he did not puff and blow and sweat, no matter.

Moses was at this time a healthy and powerful man, stood six feet and an inch in his boots, broad shouldered, with long and strong arms. Moreover he was not only strong, but remarkable **QUICK**, and could leap a line that he could walk erectly under with his hat on.

Moses when a child, was a weakly boy; kept in doors pretty much in childhood. He sat on the split basswood floor by the side of his mother, and learned to read of her while she spun linen. Their library consisted of the English Primer, Watts' Psalms and the Bible. The first he committed to memory and much of the New Testament, which he retained through life.

The family was **EMPHATICALLY POOR**. Moses never had clothes proper to wear from home till after he was thirteen. That spring, in imitation of his father and brother who were making sugar, he split troughs and dug them out, tapped several trees, obtained sap, and after the others were done boiling and retired to rest, then he could have the kettles, and in the dead hours of the night he boiled his sap, and alone,

He made wooden "clappers" for shoes, drove nails through the bottoms to keep them from slipping on the crust, and with some rags wound about his feet for stockings and the clappers on, he was able to brush about and do his work. With his sugar he bought 8 yards of tow cloth, which was colored black with white maple bark, all but enough for a shirt, which was bleached as white as snow, and made up by his mother, who also made his whole suit; and when it was com-

pleted he put it on, and went into the field to show his father and Daniel. When his father saw him coming he exclaimed. "There comes our clergyman; see there, Daniel, I guess our Moses will make a minister." It is to be borne in mind that only the clergymen wore BLACK in those days. When a small boy, he went out to carry his father's dinner to him where he was felling trees. He had arranged a "drove" of trees, so that by starting one, they would all go down. He did not see his boy approaching, until the trees had started. In an instant he cried out. "Run Moses!" but Moses had no time to run. He was close to a large hemlock, when he saw his danger, and he dropping between two large roots that had grown in such a way as to leave a cavity just large enough to receive him. The thick limbs fell all round about and over him. His father shrieked. "I have killed my boy! I've killed my boy," but Moses was not hurt. His father cut away the limbs and took him out, and was so much affected, "he went home, related the story to the family and went to bed.

Once in the absence of a legitimate goverment in Pownal, a committee of "Public Safety" was appointed, whose duty it was to adjust points of differences as might from time to time arise among the people, and also to superintend the police of town. This committee, although originally calculated to meet present exigency, but soon became an indispensible branch of the town goverment. Its members, three in number, possessed almost absolute power, their decisions, although generally just and impartial, yet they were occasionally tinctured with CAPRICE and favoritism.

A complaint was then whispered about that they always decided in favor of the plaintiff, and unless they improved their style of deciding, a new board should be appointed. It is said that embarrassed by such slanderous reports, and intimidated by these threats, a consultation was held and a new method of procedure adopted.

It was determined that future decisions should be rendered in favor of the defendant.

Stimulated by these deliberations the first application of this new rule incurred a novel difficulty. The case was this. A man was arranged for stealing a harrow. The day of trial came; witnesses were present; the court opened when

the defendant unexpectedly plead guilty to the offence, with the explanation that his intention was only to use the harrow, and to return it before the owner had occasion to use it. Here appeared a perplexing question.

How could they favor the defendant? He had admitted the theft without compulsion. However, after some deliberation they agreed upon a decision remarkable for its ingenuity and justice. It was decided that the defendant should return the harrow and pay for the use of it, while the plaintiff should pay the court because he had neglected to prove his charge.

Now in those days certain parts of the town were famous for rattlesnakes. Among the high and frowning cliffs, which skirt the river near the manufacturing village of North Pownal, were the chosen rendervous of these dangerous pests. Here they wintered and at early spring slipping forth from their dens, scattered themselves about the neighboring fields. A spacious “SNAKE STORY” survived the final extermination of these reptiles. Benona Hudson, upon one autumn morning, seeing a large rattlesnake cross the river from its western banks, roll itself in the sand, and hasten toward the rocks; Hudson fol-

lowed close after and watched him as he entered his den. He at once proceeded to cut a short walnut cudgel and a short pole, with which he quickly invaded the sturing retreat of the snake. Forthwith there was a hissing and promiscous crawling forth. Rapidly the blows decended and all were dispatched, as fast as they would come out. Upon counting he found eighty seven. Thus much says tradition; but it does not add, as did the Mississippian, who told of killing four cords and a half of black snakes between sunrise and sunset, and it was not called then a good snake day either. For it did not involve any question of law.

A WARNING.

I was drinking one night as I sat in the den,
With some friends that I'd long wished to see:
We drank to the good health of each other then,
'Till I found myself drunk as could be.
My mind soon left me, my strength too was gone,
And in darkness I naught then could see;
And I tumbled around till at length I fell down,
Then and there did I have my last spree.

I was thinking would any one care now to know,
How I spent that last night in the dive;
A friend picked me up then, and out did we go,
Or I might not now still be alive;
And when my drunken spree fully was o'er,
Through distress I was bent like a bow;
I found that my watch and my wallet were gone,
And 'twas lucky my life didn't go.

I've drank my last glass, and my mind is clear,
No more SHAMEFUL RUM DRINKING for me;
My chains are all brok'n and I've naught to fear,
For the Lord hast in love set me free.
At home now they all dwell in safety and peace,
I'm not crazed with strong drink anymore;
And as friends call to see me, need not to cease,
Singing praises to God we adore.

Keep out, Keep out of the rum shop, young man,
Keep out of the rum drinkers room,
Keep the honor you have, and earn all you can,
And thus joy bring to parents and home.
Now you have encountered some duties in life,
With prospects so bright full in view;
Your lot will be blessed in your dutiful strife,
So long as you are sober and true.

The greatest wretchedness, which human nature in this world is called to endure is connected with the use of inebriating drinks.

There is nothing else that degrades and debases man like it— nothing so mean that a drunkard will not stoop to it— nothing too base for him to do to obtain his favorite drink. Nothing else sinks the whole man—so completely, and destroys not only all moral principles, but all self—respect, all regard to character, all shame, all human feeling. The drunkard can break out from every kind of restraint so completely extinct is human feelings, that he can be drunk at the funeral of his dearest relative, and call for drinks in the last accents of expiring nature.

Now look at a human being, whom God has made for noble purposes and endowed with noble faculties— degraded disgraced, polluted, unfit for heaven, and a nuisance on earth. He is the centre of a circle— count up his influence in his family and his neighborhood— the wretchedness he endures, and the wretchedness he causes— count up the tears of a mother, or of a wretched wife who curses the day of her espousal, and of wretched children who curse the day of their birth. To all this positive evil which intoxicating liquor has caused; add the happiness which

but for it his family might have enjoyed, and communicated. Go through a neighborhood or a town in this way, count up all the misery which follows in the train of intoxicating liquor, and you will be ready to ask, can the regions of eternal death send forth any thing more deadly?

Wherever he goes the same cry may be heard—lamentation—mourning, and woe; and whatever things are pure, or venerable, or of good report, fall before it, while it can justly be said, if there ever was any business in this world which the Devil has the right to call his own it is the rum business.

* * * *

More rum, more rum, 'tis Satan's cry,
His pathway is darkness and shame;
He never loves virtue, he lives on vice,
And would gladly ruin your name.

* * * *

A sober man is the best man,
For rum he will not drink;
And in the busy time of life
He stops in love to think.
His home is blest with plenty,
No rum can make him fall;
His fam'ly's taught to hate that,
Which ruins mind and soul.

Gen. WHITNEY of whom it was said, soon after he moved to Addison, had what was then called the lake fever, it was while he lived on the Kellogg farm. He was taken very sick—pulse bounding, eyes bloodshot and staring from their sockets, the blood coursing thro' his veins like liquid fire. The doctor was sent for—on arriving, ordered every window and door closed, although it was in the hottest of dog days—cold water was forbidden, warm drinks ordered.

Thus days and nights of intolerable suffering, went by, and when he begged for just one drop of water, it was denied. One night two neighbors, weary and tired from harvest field, came in to watch through the night. One of them soon dropped off to sleep; the other, more enduring, still kept watch. At midnight, after giving the General his medicine, he brought in a pail of water, fresh from the well. How quick the rich man would have given the wealth of the Indies for one draught of that sparkling water. Could he not by stratagem secure it? He feigned sleep; and the tired man fixing himself as comfortable as possible, was soon in sound sleep. Whitney now crawled from the bed and made his way to the pail. With what eagerness he clutched the cup and drained it, draught after draught. He

then wished he could breath a little fresh air, it was so stifling where he was. The watchers still a sleep; he opened the door. How still and quiet every thing in the moonlight. The dew on the grass sparkling like diamonds—the chirp of the cricket alone broke the silence.

How delicious was the night-wind, as it fanned his fevered cheek and burning brow. The idea of escape from his prison, as he regarded it, presented itself, and quietly he started crossing the road into the meadow, and there plunging down amid the tall wet grass he clapped his hands for joy, as he rolled from side to side,

But now the fever is upon him; the fire is quenched, and his strength is gone. He cannot rise. The watchers have missed him. They shout his name. He tries to answer, but is too weak. They find and carry him to the house, and in alarm run for the doctor. He does not get there until morning. A quiet, refreshing sleep has removed all symptoms of fever.

The doctor would give him pills, but the General would none of it, and told him that he had got a new doctor, old Dame Nature, who seemed to understand the case altogether the best, and he should trust to her. And returning to health showed his judgement in choosing.

Lov'd comrades, we who linger still,
Mid scenes of toil and care;
Will now bring forth from field and hill
Fresh flowers so sweet and fair.
The time has come when 'neath the sod,
Full many a heart reposes,
We'll honor them and serve our God!
And deck their graves with roses.

Each year we will still come to meet
With them in true communion,
And all those present proudly greet
These heroes of our Union.
Our ranks grow less as day by day
Each deed receives new luster.
Ere long each man who met the gray
Will pass his final muster.

Now every loyal freeman true
Will love your valor ever,
And write the names that honor you
Where time can blot them never.
Our flag to Heaven e'er shall wave,
With love in song and story,
Until we leave each earthly grave,
When the roll is called in glory.

Our brave and gallant Soldier Boys
Who now have passed away!
In love we cover o'er their graves
With the choicest flowers of May.
Their crowns are made of shining light,
Their homes are built up on high,
Immortal is their glorious fight,
And we'll join them bye and bye.

DARING DEEDS

One time Gens. Strong and Smalley were crossing the lake in a canoe, when near Sandy Point, they saw something swimming in the water, which they at once supposed to be a deer, and gave chase. As they drew near, they found instead of a deer, it was an enormous black bear that they were pursuing. This was a different affair, and a consultation was held. They had nothing but an ax with them, but they had too much pluck to back out, so it was planned that Smalley was to get in the wake of the bear, run the canoe bow on, while Strong, standing in the bow with the ax, would then knock Bruin on the head. Smalley brought the boat up in good style, and Strong, with all the force of a man used to felling the giant trees of the forest

struck the bear full on the head. The bear minded it no more than if it had been a walking stick instead of an axe, he then instantly turned, and placed both fore paws on the side of the boat and upset it, turning both into the lake.

The bear then crawled up on to the bottom of the boat, and took possession, and quietly seating himself, looking on with great gravity, whilst the men were floundering in the water.

Smalley, who was not a very good swimmer, seeing the bear so quiet, thought he might hold on to one end of the boat, until it should float ashore: but no, Bruin would have none of their company, and they were obliged, each with an oar under his arm to sustain him, to make the best of their way to Sandy Point, the nearest shore. From here they had to go around the head of Bullwaggy Bay, and north as far as Point Henry, where they found their boat, minus their ax and other baggage, and were very glad to come off so well.

One more bear story, and that will do. One fall the bears were making distructive work in the General's corn field; he found where they came in, and placed his trap in their road.

The second morning he found his trap gone, and plenty of signs that a large bear had taken

it; he got two of his neighbors, Kellogg and Panborn, to go with him. They had two guns, an axe, and three dogs.

After following the track for some two miles they heard the dogs, and as they came up they found the bear with her back against a large stub, cuffing the dogs whenever they came within reach. The trap was on one of her hind legs. Kellogg proposed to shoot the bear, but Strong said he could kill her with the ax as well as to waste a charge of ammunition, which was scarce and difficult to obtain. So taking the axe, and remembering his encounter on the lake, he turned the bit, or blade of the ax, intending to split her head open.

He approached cautiously, and when near enough, gave the blow with tremendous force, but the bear with all the skill of a practised boxer, caught the ax as it was descending, with one of her paws knocking it out of his hands, at the same time catching him with the other, she drew him up for the death-hug; as she did so endeavoring to grab his throat in her mouth. One moment more, and he would have been a mangled corpse. The first effort he avoided by bending his head close upon his breast; the second, by thrusting his left hand into her open mouth

and down her throat, until he could hook the ends of his fingers into the roots of her tongue.

This hold he kept until the end, although every time the bear closed her mouth his thumb was crushed and ground between her grinders, her mouth being so narrow that it was impossible to keep it out of the way.

He now called on Kellogg for God's sake to shoot the bear, but this he dared not do, for fear of shooting Strong, for as soon as he got the bear by the tongue, she endeavored to get rid of him by plunging and rolling about, so that one moment the bear was on top, and next Strong.

In these struggles they came to where the ax had been thrown at first.

Strong seized the ax with his right hand, and striking the bear in the small of the back severed it at a blow. This so paralyzed her that she loosened her hug, then he snatched his hand from her mouth, and soon cleared himself from her reach. The men then dispatched her with their guns. His mutilated thumb he carried as a memento of the fight, to his dying day.

* * * *

In the fall of 1775 Mr. Strong was captured by the British: they took him to Ticonderoga, where he remained three weeks. Mrs. Strong, expect.

ing he would be sent to Quebec, that she might again see her husband before his departure, shut up her two little children alone in their cabin.

Bidding the elder, who was but four years old, to take good care of the baby till mother came back, who was going to take poor papa his clothes, she went in a canoe to carry them, a distance of 12 miles, accompanied only by her brother a lad of ten years. After she arrived in order to gain admittance to her husband, she must remain over night.

The mother sadly thought of her babes alone in the cottage in the woods through all the long night; but could she turn from the door of her husband's prison, and perhaps see him no more.

No! her babes the tender mother committed, in her heart, to the God Father, and tarried till the morning; and upon her return found her little children safe, the elder having understood enough of her directions to feed and take care of the younger.

* * * *

On one occasion during the Revolutionary War when soldiers were drafted in Barnet, the lot fell on George Gibson, a man of small stature who said he would join the army, adding. "Who knows but I may be the means of establishing

the independence of the United States? Col. Harvey observed that he never knew a means so **small** to produce an effect so great.

A member of the Legislator, who was a great hero and patriot boasting of his mother and six brothers, triumphantly asked the company if ever they heard of such a mother having **seven** such sons. Col. Harvey replied he read of a woman who had seven such sons, and what was very remarkable they were all born at one birth! "Who was she?" asked the hero. "Mary Magdalene," replied the Col. "who was delivered of seven devils all at one time!"

MY CHILDHOOD'S PICTURE.

How my childhood fancy lingers,
Over scenes I once did view,
When I sought the fields for pleasure,
With my playmates kind and true.
Fond mem'ry now carries me back,
O'er pleasures my heart did thrill;
From all those happy days we part,
But I love them truly still.

On the hills oft times I'd wander,
And upon the rocks would climb,
For to view the verdant valley
Where the flowers bright would shine;
And then I'd chase the butterfly
Way over the hills to play,
Where the birds in all their beauty,
There did sing so pleasantly.

In the summer sunshine glitter,
Near the water I would play,
On the bank of that lone river,
Pleasant hours soon passed away;
All those scenes inspire my nature,
And thy'll thrill my heart for aye;
This song is my Childhood's picture
And through joy can truly say.

REFRAIN.

Often now I look o'er the landscape
Where the flowers in Autumn droop,
And listen to hear the little birds sing
In the valley down by the brook:
It's there my thought's revive anew
It's there the clouds pass away,
In rapture then, for hours I view,
In the Autumn sunshine day.

In 1792 Peter Page built a rude log shanty in Hardwick, about three-quarters of a mile south of the present village of East Hardwick.

His shanty was full half mile from the Hazen road, and the snow was very deep when he moved his family, and when near as he could go by the road he put on his snow-shoes, and with a sled made for that purpose, conveyed his wife, and three children to their new home, and then returned for his goods.

They lived some time in this rude hovel without floor or chimney, building their fire at one side with a hole made in the roof for the smoke to escape. Mr. Page's wardrobe during that winter, is said to have consisted of one pair of tow pantaloons, one tow frock, two shirts, woolen socks and a woolen vest.

He brought all the provisions for himself and family on his back, either from Peacham 20 miles distant, or from Cabot, 8 miles. His family suffered much the first few years in their new home. Their only cow strayed away, and when Mr. P- found her she was ten miles from home. She had been away so long she gave no milk. The man who kept her awhile demanded pay, and the only woolen garment, the vest, was all he could give to redeem her.

Water gruel was substituted for milk, and was sometimes their only sustenance. Other settlers had a hard time, as well as they. In the spring of the following year, Mark and David, Norris, who were cousins, supplied themselves with provisions sufficient, as they supposed, to last them through the spring's work. Then they were to return back to Peacham, which was several miles away.

They had no such thing as a team or even a hoe to work with; but with their axes they hewed out wooden hoe-blades from maple blocks, hardened them in the fire, and took saplings for handles. With these they hoed in two acres of wheat; when Saturday night came, they had one acre hoed in and provisions enough to last but one day longer.

What should they do? Neither of them were professors of religion, but they had been trained to keep the Sabbath day; however they concluded that it was a work of necessity, and hoed in the second acre on the Sabbath. "We shall see, said Mark to David," whether this acre will not yeald as well as the other. David was somewhat troubled in conscience. Reaping time came; the proceeds of the two acres were stacked separately, and the time for comparing drew

near. But the comparison was never made. The stack which came of the Sabbath day's work took fire while clearing up some land near by, and every straw and kernel was burned.

In closing this account which plainly shows how things will sometime happen, I may mention the wisdom of Mrs. Whipple, wife of the late Francis Whipple. She was a woman of superior mind, and a mother in Israel, beloved by all, young and old.

She possessed a great fund of cheerfulness, and was often very shrewd. A fanatical minister once called and said. "You sometimes entertain ministers." "Yes, if they have a recommendation." "And what would you say at one from Heaven?"—"Go straight back, 'tis a poor country here for such a man!"

An aged man once asked her to become his wife. In answer—"Why, Mr. B— we are nothing but old children. You have one foot in the grave, the other will be there soon. You had better go home, read your Bible, and prepare to die, than to be here on such an errand!"

She was very industrious; and some of her last work was spinning lining for a web. "Grandma is coming," has been echoed from many a child's glad heart.

At Monkton, during the Revolution, John Bishop, with several sons, and Mr. Eben Stearns were captured by Tories and Indians and taken to Canada; and the settlement was broken up till after the war. Tradition says Bishop had some wheat stacks to which the Indians were about to set fire, when Mrs. Bishop, knowing them to be her main dependance, appeared with hot water, which she threw so vigorously that the Indians, admiring her courage, spared the stacks.

Bishop was noted for his eccentricity, for instance: when any one came to the marsh near where he lived to pick cranberries, he always demanded some portion, for the reason that he brought the seed with him from— New Medford. He also demanded a share of all the fish in an adjacent pond, as he had brought the original stock from the same place, in a leather bag, supplying fresh water from time to time. This story used to make his neighbors smile—

A short distance south of Monkton Borough are some rocks, called the Tory rocks, where a small party of Tories were captured during the Revolution, by a less number of early settlers by stratagem. The early settlers of Monkton were men more noted for their physical strength and endurance than for mental culture or refine-

ment. Yet they were not without those who sometime tried their luck and skill at writing compositions. The following poetical specimen is from the pen of one of those primitive and untaught bards, Ebenezer Finney.

When men rejoiced in days of yore
That stamp-act should appear no more,
They fired their pump instead of cannon
And shook the very earth we stand on,
But later years, more full of glory,
Since Whigs has fairly conquered Tory.
Pump guns are thrown by in disgrace,
And iron stationed in their place.
The great heroes of a certain town,
To please themselves and gain renown;
A cannon made, without a blunder,
To send forth home made peals of thunder.
Never have such reports been given,
Since Satan cannonaded heaven:
This gun without dispute we know
Was fired from Monkton to North Hero.
How stirring are these sons of Mars;
They shout for joy, and bless their stars;
But oh, how transient is their fun!
They load too deep, and split their gun.
Earth, at the blast, turns shaking Quaker;
Boys cursed the cannon and its maker,

What havoc made 'mongst ducks and hens;
The pigs ran frightened round their pens;
Young puppies set up hideous yells,
While goslings perished in their shells;
Then all the hosts that could keep cool,
Wondered if there was another fool.

SUNLIGHT SETTING.



When the sparkling sunlight setting
Brings on evening shadows dim,
Then we view the golden netting
While it twinkles o'er the glen.
Lovely shades of green and yellow
Will glide over on the hill,
Where the night birds from the hollow
Are saying, whip-por-will will will.

When our nature seeks for beauty
Thro' the work that is sublime,
Then we cherish faith with duty
And engraft the lovely time.
There is beauty in the sunset,
There is joy that always thrills,
Wind on water rolls the white caps
And the snow will cover the hills.

It is only by recurring to the chronicles of the past that we are able to arrive at any appreciation of the ravages of time. When we ascertain that the many things which were, are not; that they withered at the touch of time, and were hurled into the dark chasm of forgetfulness.

History reverts to the scenes of other times. We review the catalogue of many names perpetuated in prose and song; we trace the lines of those who bore them, from their youth upward; we mark the struggles through which they passed, the numerous obstacles encountered, the many trials undergone for the emancipation of our country from hostile hands; and as we muse we wonder through the lapse of ages and hold communion with those great and good patriots of the past.

We stand upon the battle field; we see the clashing steel; we hear the roar of the booming cannon, the death groans of the victim fallen. We pause. This is only the kindling of imagination over the records of the past; we can only regret the great, the good, the noble should thus have passed away.

The dilapidated walls of architecture, the rusting sword on the cold floor of antiquity, the mouldering bones of the ancient warrior, all e-

vince an invisable power whose mission is to destroy. Where are the champions who fought in defence of the word of God, and caused its sacred light to shine and penetrate the darkest recesses of superstition? Where those noble martyrs who suffered for the propagation of the truth—who removed the mark that enveloped the face of Christendom, and caused the true light to shine forth mid the gloom of darkness? Where those brave pioneers of the sixteenth century, who caused the city of seven hills to totter upon its foundation; and who removed the briars and brambles from the path of Christianity, and planted instead the seed of piety, purity, and truth?

Their deeds are recorded on the tablets of history, their names have become emmortalized by being linked with the greatest struggles in the world. Yes, they are gone—gone to the charnel house of time. Where is the wild uncultivated race that once traversed our hills and vales unmindful of the rich soil beneath their feet?

The hand of civilization, and children of education have usurped the abode of ignorance, and inculcated the moral principles of civilized life. Time, indeed has made sad havoc of that strong and noble, uncultivated race.

I often think of the old, old home,
And the smiles that greeted me there;
And of all the friends I used to know
When I was young and life was fair.
Shall I ever enter the old, old home,
And lift the old latch of the door?
And look all thro' those dear old rooms,
Where I played in the days of yore.

Shall I ever walk the green paths o'er,
Where mother's flowers did bloom?
And list to the happy birds that sing—
Where the roses have plenty of room.
Those days so happy in childhood's life,
Are ingrafted on memory's wall;
I will not try to make them bright,
For they can never fade at all.

Should I go back to the old, old home,
Would it bring any pleasure to me?
Would it inspire hope, or change my tho't,
Or cause me sorrowful to be?
Oh, I may go back to the old, old home,
But who could I expect to see?
My dearest friends have passed away,
And no one is there who loves me.

My childhood days at the old old home,
Will never more come back to me;
My faulty steps must feebler grow,
While I'm trav'ling to eternity.
Now fare-thee-well, to the long ago,
Those years have vanished away!
But the old old home, bright and fair,
Still is clinging to my mem'ry.

DARING DEEDS.

Indians caused more fear than wild beasts among the early settlers, especially after the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. Although through the policy of some of the leading men of the Grants, the British had been induced to treat the settlers on the east side of the lake [Vermont] with mildness, and had forbidden the Indians to molest them, yet their savageness was ready to burst forth on the slightest provocation. So much was this the case, that if a party of Indians made their appearance when the men were absent the women allowed them to help themselves to whatever they liked.

At one time a party came in when Mrs. Strong was alone. They first took the cream from the milk and rubbed it on their faces; then

rubbing soot on their hands, painted themselves in all the hideousness of the war-paint, and sang the war-songs with whoop and dance.

Just as they were leaving, one of them discovered a showy colored short gown, that her husband had just made her a birthday present of. This he took, and putting it on, seemed greatly delighted, and with yells and whoops they departed. She had a place between the frame of the house and the chimney where she used to hide her babe when the Indians were seen about.

A barrel of sour milk was kept, where a set of pewter dishes (a rare thing at the time) was, as soon as used, put for security.

One day an Indian came in and saw a small plate, which he took, and making a hole through it, put it on a string and wore it off as an ornament. They would sometimes, when hungry, kill a hog or beef.

The following will show that their fears were not groundless— One morning in June, just when the sky takes on that peculiar hue that gave it the name, “gray of the morning.” Mrs. Strong arose and went to the spring a few rods from the house, near the bank of the lake.

The birds had just commenced their morning matins making “woodland and lea” vocal with

song. The air was laden with the perfume of the wild flowers. Not a breath stirred a leaf or ruffled the glass-like surface on the water of the lake. She stopped a moment to enjoy it. And as she stood listening to the songs of the birds, she thought she heard the dip of a paddle in the water, and looking through the trees that fringed the bank, she saw a canoe filled with Indians.

In a moment more the boat passed the trees in full view. A pole was fastened upright in the bow, on the top of which was the scalp of a little girl ten years old, her flaxen ringlets just stirred in the morning air, while streams of clotted blood all down the pole showed it was placed there whilst yet warm and bleeding.

Wildest horror froze her to the spot, she tho't she recognized it as the hair of a beautiful child of a dear friend of hers, living on the other side of the lake. She saw other scalps attached to their waist-belt, whilst two other canoes, farther out in the lake, each had the terrible signal at their bows. The Indians on seeing her, gave the war-whoop, and made signals as though they would scalp her. She fled to the house. That day brought tidings that their friends six in number on the other side had all been massacred and scalped, and their houses burned.

Among the many heroic and daring deeds worthy of particular notice is that related of Mrs. Mary Lamb. While residing in Granville with her son William, at the age of 84. Mrs. Lamb had charge of the domestic affairs and of the children in the absence of their parents.

One morning she heard a terrific scream in the dooryard, and on looking out saw a large catamount making an onslaught upon the poultry. On opening the door the dog rushed out, and a fearful encounter followed.

The dog finding himself unable to grapple successfully with his antagonist, fled into the house, followed by the catamount. Fear for the safety of the terrified children nerved the strong arm of grandmother to desperation. She seized the large iron poker, and then bravely gave a heavy well-directed blow across the animal's back, which paralyzed him, a few more blows killed him. The dog died soon after from the effects of wounds received in the contest.

* * * *

Capt. John Barney, one of the early pioneers built the second public house of entertainment on the plains of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

This house he kept for many years, and as it was customary in those days, it had a **BAR**

but when the temperance cause awoke, he came forth like the bannered hosts from the wilderness, and was one of the first to enlist in the great moral reform, and stood ever afterward by the sacred standard.

Later years his daughter wrote. "I well remember hearing my parents relate various incidents connected with their early life, their habits of living, social, moral and physical.

True, I find as I dwell upon them, none of the superfluities and elegancies of life that constitute the luxuries of the present, but I find instead, a homely but hearty sufficiency with frugality and cleanliness withal, and a home though rude yet ever appreciated in love." A characteristic picture of their sociability was the winter evening visits. Some long and pleasant December or January evenings the noble yoke of oxen were 'whoa'd' and 'gee'd' to the kitchen door, hitched to the sled, and the first family started; calling for the next family, and the next on the way, till the last family on the road joined the happy party.

Arrived at their destination—as our old fashioned surprise party came steadily up to the log mansion, and shaking off their **BUFFALO OF HAY**, the sleds were unloaded upon the great stone

door steps- the welcoming and greetings were sometimes so hearty as to be almost deafening.

The well-fatted turkey must be prepared for the sit, and pies and pudding well flavored, were soon in a baking- Meanwhile a mug of hot slip came not amis, after a cold ride of 8 or 10 miles.

A good supper, joviality and sincere good will crowned the hour.

I must in closing say a few words relative to my father's christian profession and the family alter, where prayer went up daily, from a heart overflowing with joy. Even now I seem to hear the kindness that lingered in his voice as he reproved our childish follies, or see the patient, beaming smile, as he encouraged our feeble efforts to do the right.

Thus a saintly father's influence still shines out sweetly and clear upon the path of his child, guiding on like a beacon star to right purposes. It's an inestimable blessing to have such a father.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Beautiful home in Heaven for me,
Never a street where darkness can be;
There o'er the countless ages of time,
Kingdom of love, forever will shine.

On a low couch lay a sick girl,
In a poor and humble home,
And by the restless sufferer
The lonely mother sat alone.
'Twas the day before Thanks giving,
The house was cold and drear;
Without, the fall winds whistled,
Within was naught to cheer.

The sick girl moaned in anguish,
Then opened her lips and spoke,
It touched the heart of her mama
As though it was a saber's stroke.
"Mama, to-morrow's Thanks giving,
What can we be thankful for
While we suffer in sickness and sorrow,
And papa has gone to the war?"

Our money's gone, we're friendless
In this great town all alone,
Oh, why did dear papa leave us?"
The sick girl then sadly moaned.
"Your papa thought best to leave us
To answer his country's call,
We hoped the war would be over
And he would be home this fall."

“I know we are destitute darling,
I know that our money is gone,
But I hope to have work to-morrow,
You know I am well and strong,
And soon we shall hear from papa,
He’ll send us money no doubt,
We will then pay up the landlord
And he will not turn us out.”

Thus cheerfully spoke the mother,
Although with a heavy heart,
She tried to soothe her daughter
And cheerfully do her part;
Hark, hark! the hall door opens,
“Dear papa!” the daughter calls,
Then in the arms of a soldier brave
Fainting, the true mother falls.

Then his story told of capture,
And suffering in prison pen,
Of exchange, release and furlough,
And away to his loved ones then.
For bravery had come promotion,
As his uniform plainly told;
Then his wife and daughter lovely,
Smiled upon the soldier bold.

Their sorrow turned to gladness,
The family was united again,
And the mother felt that her prayers
For help, had not been in vain.
Thanksgiving day was delightful,
The daughter felt well once more,
Each thought a better thanksgiving
They never had known before.

DARING DEEDS.

In 1784 Capt. Charles Sias, moved his family and effects from Peacham to Danville on a hand-sled. His family consisted of 10 children, seven sons and three daughters. The father with four sons and three daughters made the first company. Then with two men to assist, went forward on snow-shoes, and drew the sled. They reached their log cabin early in the afternoon, dug it out from beneath the snow, which had nearly buried it. Here they left John and his sisters to take care of themselves through the night, while the others returned to Peacham.

John was but 11 years old, and was the first male child that ever slept in Danville, and Mrs. Sias, was the first white woman who dared to brave the long and dreary winters in this wild

unbroken wilderness. The next day came the mother and the other children, on the hand-sled. In three days more the effects were all removed and the lone family began their hard labors upon the wilderness.

They commenced by tapping the maples, which stood thick around them. The most beautiful groves, affording them sugar in abundance, and supplied, in a great degree, the lack of some other food. Thus was settled the first family in the town of Danville.

It will illustrate the hardships which were encountered by the early settlers if we here put on record the narrative of an authentic tradition, that at the birth of Israel Putman, his father had to draw the midwife six miles over the hills and through deep snow, on a hand-sled.

So exhausting was the labor that stopping to rest a moment at the sugar-camp of his neighbor, Abidah Smith, he sank down insensible and Mr. S. went on with the doctoress; thus rendering an important service to his future son-in-law; the child then born— who twenty four years after became the husband of Sarah Smith.

For a number of years, the inhabitants lived in cabins built of logs, and covered with bark peeled from spruce and other trees, and were often

doomed especially for hardship thro' cold winter seasons, being poor, they had not the requisite means to procure comfortable clothing to screen themselves properly from the raging of a northern climate. Children frequently would be seen in winter running barefooted in the snow, and otherwise poorly clad, sleeping on straw beds at night or the skins of animals.

Nathaniel Belknap, when 76 years old would often say. "The young folks now a-days couldn't begin to stand it as we did. I moved in my log house, here in the woods, when there was but one board on it and that one I brought from New Hampshire." And for weeks after said Mrs. Belknap, "I could lie abed and count the stars."

"Yes, said the old man I have been more than a mile beyond Pittsford Village to buy a bushel of corn, and when I paid for it, I had to take 5 pecks, because I could't make change.

I took it, and started for the mill; and got it ground; and then carried it home." "Yes, said Mrs. Belknap, and he should have added he didn't get off the bed the next day."

He had travelled at least 26 miles that day 13 with 5 pecks of grain on his back.

So universal was the practice of working out in haying; on one occasion they felt compelled

to raise a barn on Sunday, being unable to obtain sufficient help to do it on a week day.

The first settlers were generally obliged to buy their grain from the farmers in adjoining towns, and some of those were far away. The method of transportation was to carry it on their backs. And the manner of payment was almost universally by day's work, in which they were most always rich, and possessed of but little else which they could spare.

On one occasion a farmer was known to travel three days before he could find a bushel of grain that he could buy, while his family was in need at home. It was often the case that the women would go out to buy necessaries.

One time, Mrs. Joseph Carlisle, went to her brother's and borrowed his horse, and went to the village; but before she got home, night came on, when neither she or the horse could follow the road. She called for help with a will, but this so alarmed her child, she dared not continue to call, lest the child cry itself into fits.

So she sat down on an old log, and held the horse by the bridle until morning. When she sat down, she wished her father would come and help her out of the woods in which she was lost; she said, "immediately a bright light stood out

before her, up a little from the ground." She always thought if she had followed it, it would have led her out into the right way. Her father had been dead for some time. She had sat in the woods not more than a half mile from home.

* * * *

It's well understood that Elihu Sabin, was the first permanent settler in Goshen. A generous hearted, worthy man, talented for his day and opportunities, in so much that the history of his town pictures him as one who had distinguished himself for remarkable muscular power.

Once on a time WELL VERIFIED IT IS SAID Sabin did face a foe in a single-handed struggle for life. It appears that he had caught a cub, whose cries brought forward the mother bear robbed of her young.

Elihu unflinchingly smote her with the breech of his gun; the bear was dispatched, and so was the breech of Elihu's gun. We have a more deliberate feat with which to crown our point—in prodigious strength, a feat of plain practical test, of monstrous muscular power.

A witness testified that he had seen Mr. Sabin knock down with one blow of his fist, a two year old bullock, striking him between the fore shoulders, and breaking a rib.

Out in the cottage where the willows,
Shade the porch beside the way;
An aged couple once were living,
With their son their only stay.
His deeds they always had been noble,
'Till he had planned to go away;
And leave these poor old feeble people,
Then I heard his father say—

Their joy and trials on life's journey,
All were nearly done and o'er;
And he knew his father and mother,
Must soon leave this earthly shore:
Now in this he may long remember,
How they in love did plead and pray!
Just before he kissed his mother,
At the time he went away,

Years have past and still he's wander'g
Far from friends he now doth roam;
The willow trees that still are shading,
Stand there weeping o'er that home.
And all the time thus spent in pleading'
Has onward pass'd to endless day,
And they are now beyond life's river,
Where no voice can ever say—

Don't go away my son, don't go away
to stay,
For I'm growing feeble, and soon must
pass away;
Your mother's heart is breaking,
O! can't you hear her pray?
Don't go away my son, don't go away
to stay.

DARING DEEDS.

It may be interesting to some to know how the people put out fires, many years ago. Most all the families owned an instrument familiarly called a "SQUIRT GUN" of a large size, through which a considerable quantity of water could be emitted to any part of a building.

This was the only engine made use of for extinguishing fires in their dwellings; and it reminds the writer of a story which he heard related a number of years ago.

At a certain time, Lemual Walter, the first inhabitant of the town, was sitting at the table in his log cabin, (which had a wooden chimney) at noon time, taking his frugal meal, when a stranger on horseback rode up to his door, and with an earnest voice inquired. "Sir, do you know that your house is on fire?"

"Ah, said the owner, well, no matter, I'll see to it soon as I finish my dinner." "But said the stranger, your house will be all in flames before that time." "Be not alarmed sir, said Walter, I am used to fires and have no fear." "Thank you for your trouble."

"If you are disposed to stay there and let your house burn down over your head," rejoined the stranger, "It is no business of mine." He then rode off leaving the owner sitting at the table.

Soon after Walter deliberately took down his SQUIRT-GUN and quickly extinguished the fire.

The country north of this town for many miles, at that time was an unbroken wilderness, where moose and deer were found in great numbers. It is the nature of these animals through the winter season to herd together in considerable number—especially when the snow is very deep, which circumstance often greatly facilitated the means of taking them. The most hardy of the veteran settlers would resort thither on snow-shoes as soon as a sufficient depth of snow had fallen and surprise and slay them, after dressing they would select the best part of the flesh for food; and carry it home on their backs a distance of 7 or 8 miles through the wilderness.

Not unfrequently a man would carry a burden

of 100 lbs. But they soon grew wise by experience and furnished themselves with HAND SLEDS made expressly for the purpose, the timber was made very light, and the runners being 5 or 6 inches in width which prevented their sinking in the snow. On one of these sleds a man would draw more than double the quantity that could be carried the old way; and the labor was not so hard. The same kind of sleds are used by many at the present time, and still retain the name of MOOSE-SLEDS. Often for weeks the old hunters would remain in the woods sleeping by night on hemlock boughs for beds, and when in camp a house would be made of poles and covered with boughs. They subsisted mostly on the product obtained, with perhaps a little bread and butter carried from home.

The skins of the animals after being partially tanned by a process of their own invention, were afterwards frequently used for beds in their cabins. Whole families of children would sleep upon them with as much composure as they would on a bed of down.

Various other means were resorted to at that time to obtain the necessary supplies for their families. One of these was in making SALTS from wood ashes, which was then plenty.

The old District School I remember,
The brightest of days to review;
While all loving greetings are telling,
How friendship in childhood is true.
I remember the long cold winters,
Learning lessons in school by rule;
I know the children then all loved me,
Down in the old District School.

The teachers I can well remember,
Who maintained a whip in school;
They would occasionally use them,
In preventing our acting so cool.
The lessons came on in the morning,
Then reading and writing by rule,
I know the value now of learning,
Taught in the old District School.

I remember those kind and loving,
Who would always take my part,
Some have gone beyond life's river,
Still their deeds dwell in my heart.
I now prize those lessons of learning,
That were taught by the oldest rule;
I will always cherish my School days,
Spent in the old District School.

I remember the time when parting,
As in tears I bade them good-by;
Never more to meet in the school room,
But will try to meet them on high.
I have pondered over hard trials,
That encountered the golden rule,
I shall never forget my school mates,
Once in the old district, school.

PRAISEWORTHY DOG.

A shepherd who once lived in the valley near the Grampian mountains, in one of his excursions to look after his flock, thought he would take along with him one of his children, an infant of three years.

After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found it necessary to ascend the summit at some distance to have a better view of his range. As the ascent would be too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom with strict orders not to stir from the place till his return. Scarce-ly had he gained the summit when the horizon darkened with almost impenetrable mist.

The anxious father hastened back to find his child; but owing to the darkness he missed his

way in the descent. And after fruitless search for hours, he discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was near his own cottage. To renew the search that night in such darkness would be fruitless; therefore he felt compelled as it were to go home, although he had lost both his child and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for many years.

Next morning at break of day with a band of his neighbors he renewed the search for his child. The day was sadly spent, in anxious searching—Night came— from the high-land they descended.

On reaching home they found that the dog which he had lost came home, and on receiving a piece of cake he immediately disappeared.

The search was renewed the next day and on returning at night, he found that the dog had been home and on receiving his usual allowance of cake had disappeared again.

Struck with this singular circumstance he concluded to stay at home the next day and watch the dog. As usual he came home got his cake and seemed very glad to once more meet his worthy master, who then had resolved to follow him. The dog soon took the cake and started back leading the way toward a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd

had left the child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began to make his way and soon disappeared. But the shepherd with difficulty followed. On entering the cave his emotions swayed with delight when he beheld his child eating cake which the dog had just brought to him.

From the situation it appeared the child wandered to the brink, and either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave. The dog it appears had never left the child night or day except when it was necessary to go for food.

* * * *

A number of years ago in the north east corner of Newark, lived Calvin Hudson, first settler on the east road from Burke line to Brighton, which was then only brushed out.

Here he bought some land and then built a log house and moved his family, a wife and 7 children, in the fall. In the winter he made shingles. One morning his family being in want of necessities, he took his knapsack and started for Burke. Not being very well, he declined waiting for breakfast, and started before the family had risen. At Burke he made some purchases, and

started for home. A storm came on, and the snow fell fast; at Seymour Watson's, last house in East Haven, still 5 miles distant he stopped to warm again, not to be detained long he pushed on homeward.

Two days after within 40 rods of his home he was found frozen by the wayside. Coiled up at his feet (**THE SNOW MELTED BENEATH THE DEVOTED ANIMAL**), lay his own faithful little dog. And after the funeral several days- the family having been removed- a visitor who was acquainted, called at the house and there found this same affectionate little creature had stayed and crawled beneath the blanket that wrapped the body of his dead master before the burial, and it was difficult to coax him from the sacred relic.

LOOKING BACK.

I am looking back to days long past
When by my mothers side,
I listened to her counsels then
I was her joy and pride.
There brightly was the home lit up,
And pleasantly she smiled;
As toil she mix't with pleasure then,
To guard and teach her child.

I cherish now the days long past,
When with such anxious care,
My mother knelt in prayer to heav'n,
Her hope and trust were there.
The sad time came and parting words,
When tears o'er-flowed the cheek
My mother's farewell look told more,
Than words can ever speak.

I'm looking back to days long past,
With old friends I cannot be,
Who counsel'd me when I was young,
Their wisdom follows me.
I've wander'd far since mother's gone,
Her smiles in rapture, "I see,"
Her words inspire me "on life's way,"
They still cling to mem'ry.

Oh, how I'd love to tell my friends,
Could I for one moment see,
That loving look and smiling face,
So vivid now in mem'ry.
I'm thinking still of mother's love,
That follows so kind and true
I'm looking back to childhood days,
My eyes no more will view.

On July, 4th 1609 Samuel Champlain entered the lake that now bears his name, having left Quebec the 18th of May previous. His party consisted of sixty Huron and Algonquin Indians, and two Frenchmen. Having had to leave his shallop at the rapids above—his Indian allies furnished him with twenty-one bark canoes.

In these he proceeded up the lake as far as what is now known as Crown Point. Here on the 20th of July, at 10 o'clock, P.M., he was met by a party of Iroquois, who came out from a cape projecting into the lake from the western shore, [SANDY POINT, OPPOSITE ADDISON.] At the first, Champlain and his party retreated into the lake. The Iroquois returned to the shore and landed, followed by the Hurons, who fastened their boats to stakes driven in the mud, about an arrow shot off.

Both parties agreed to wait until morning before the battle should begin, and the night was spent in singing the war-songs and other Indian rites preparatory to battle.

In the morning, at daybreak, the battle commenced. Champlain and his two men at first were kept out of sight. On the landing of the Hurons, the Iroquois came out from behind their barricades, and more noble-looking men Cham-

plain says he had never seen, two of their chiefs especially so. Champlain then walked in front of his party, the two Frenchmen and some of the Hurons were hidden in ambuscade.

Each of the white men was then armed with a gun and two pistols. Champlain on landing had put four balls into his gun. When he first stood before the Hurons, the Iroquois gazed in wonder on the first white man they had ever seen. Their two prominent chiefs stood close together, and about thirty paces distant.

Champlain fired at them, killing both, and mortally wounding one other man. The Iroquois were paralyzed with fear at this new instrument of death, breathing fire and smoke, from which their chief's arrow-proof armor had no protection.

The other Frenchmen poured in their fire, killing one. This completed the battle, and in the panic the Iroquois fled in every direction, crying, "The devil! the devil!" On examining the armor of the chiefs, it was found to be woven with a thread of COTTON, (where did they get it?) and a thread of bark. They were armed with tomahawks of METAL. After the battle they crossed the lake to Chimney Point, in Addison. Champlain here named the lake for himself, and in the

after part of the day started on their return for Canada. This battle was fought two months before Hudson discovered the river that bears his name, and four years before the Dutch settlement at New York, and eleven years before the landing at Plymouth.

Lake Champlain from its discovery to 1665 remained the highway for the Iroquois & Hurons, in their war excursions against each other. Its earliest name was, "IRQUOISIA."

I'LL LIVE FOR YOU OR DIE.

I'll live for you or die, my love,
With you life's glories glow—
With you for guide our steps will glide
Down where the peaches grow;
Then in a cottage we will share,
The comforts of life true—
Where flowers in the summer bloom,
The birds will sing for you—
Then down the river we will sail,
How pleasant that will be;
While then in joyous fancy—
We'll look o'er land and sea;
My love will never prove in vain,
On this you can rely—
And from my word I'll not depart,
I'll live for you or die.

I love to wander by the brook,
When night-winds gently sigh;
When shooting stars are twinkling
Down from the silent sky;
Sweet melody then cheers my heart,
When notes are tuneful high,
The very kind my love would sing,
When I was sitting by.
The pebbles shine out in the brook,
Where water ripples clear,
But down the future I must look,
With one I love so dear.
Now all is well with prospects fair,
And I must tell you why:
I own that friend who truly said
“I'll live for you or die.”

REFRAIN.

In twilight shade, this promise was made,
Where the wild roses bloom on the hill,
And just beyond, by the old road-side,
The birds were singing, whip-po-will.
This was to my mind enchanting time,
While we slowly kept walking by,
'Twas then and there I smilingly said,
“I'll live for you or die.”

“He is a good man.”—“Yes, sir; he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years— a more trusty negro I never knew.”

“Why do you wish to sell him?” Because he disobeys my orders. As I said he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment I might want him, I built his hut within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning that his horn did not answer in five minutes after.

But two years ago he got religious, and commenced what he terms, or calls, family prayer, that is, praying in his hut night and morning, and when he begins his prayer, it is impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (as he termed it) he got happy.

Then he would sing, and pray, and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and my children, and our whole family connections to the third generation, and sometimes when we would have visitors, Moses would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry and the children would cry, and it would get me almost frantic, and even after I had

retired, it would sometimes be almost daylight before I could go to sleep, for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished.

I bore it as long as I could, and then forbid his praying any more, and Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed, and my rule is never to whip, but, whenever a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him.

This keeps them in better subjection, and less trouble than whipping. And I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the place would soon be perfectly regardless of all orders," "You spoke of Moses's hut. I suppose from that he has a family"

"Yes, he has a woman and three children, or wife, I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion, he asked me if they might be married, and I suppose they were."

"What will you take for Moses and his family?" "If you want them for your own use I will take \$1,400; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the state."

"I wish them for my own use, and will take them at your price." Mr. B. and Colonel C. then went to Mr. B's store, drew up the writings and

closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B. approached the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, wrapped in meditation of the most awful forebodings.

“Well, Moses, I have bought you.” Moses made a low bow, and every muscle in his face worked with emotion when he replied:

“Is you, massa? Where is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine to Georgia?” “No,” said Mr. B. “I am a merchant here in this city. Yonder is my store, and I have purchased also your wife and children that you may not be separated.”

“Bress God for dat, massa, kin I go to meetin’ sometimes?” “Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on Sabbath and every night in the week, and you can pray as often as you choose; and every time you pray, whither it be at home or in church, I want you to pray for me, my wife and all my children; for if you are a good man your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to you may pray for everybody of my name in the State. It will not injure them.”

When Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro’s eyes danced in their sockets and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposing two rows of even, clean ivory.

His heart's response was. "Bress God, brets God all de time, and bress you, too, massa; Moses neber tinks 'bout he gwin to hab all des commo-
dationers; dis makes tink 'bout Joseph in Egypt. And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Colonel C. and bidden him a warm adieu, and re-
quested him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants- He followed Mr. B. to the store to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring as Mr. B. was standing in his store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel, and walk hurriedly toward the store. He soon recognized him as Colonel C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Mose Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened and heard some one sobbing violently and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Colonel C.'s movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed and went up to see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs he was startled at seeing Moses in the middle of the floor down upon one knee, with his arm around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel was weeping audibly.

Soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses's prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife and children had been converted.

Moses responded: "Bress God, Massa C, doe I way up hea, I neber forgit you in my prayers; I olles put de ole massa side de new one.

Bress God, dis makes Moses tink about Joseph in de Egypt. (THIS WAS IN BALTIMORE.)

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

Now when Jesus told the people,
"Ye must be born again,"
How they marveled at this saying
But soon He made it plain.
When Nicodemus questioned Him
His answer was the same;
"Marvel not that I said unto thee,
Ye must be born again."

“The wind bloweth where it listeth,
Our Saviour meekly said;”
And then He told of many thing,
And brought to life the dead.
“I am come in my Father’s name,
The world must know its true!
Marvel not that I said unto thee
Ye must be born anew.”

They which are born of the spirit,
Will praise God here below,
And they abiding in His love;
Shall triumph o’er the foe.
The Saviour now is lifted up,
His words remain the same!
“Marvel not that I said unto thee
Ye must be born again.”

“The true light shineth in darkness,
We speak that we do know;”
The spirit of God gives wisdom,
And brings true joy for woe.
Listen now to words from heaven!
These words cannot be slain;
“Marvel not that I said unto thee,
Ye must be born again.”

“When John Carver and his associates landed at Plymouth, and afterwards John Winthrop and his associates arrived at Charlestown, they might have doubted, on some accounts, whether their names would be known to posterity. They labored, however for the good of mankind, and laid foundations with a distinct and special regard for the benefit of future times.

Their posterity remember them with inexpressible gratitude, and their names will receive new tributes of admiration with every succeeding age.”

The men who love to labor contribute in material degrees to build up, and purify, and enoble the future greatness of America— and such were they who came to help the Lord against the mighty, armed with noble thoughts that command attention, making their way through the channel to success. (“OH FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.”) Treatise on practical religion, and its value to mankind, should have a place in every home. The moral enterprises at the present day are novel; if not in their character, and principle, they are in combination and effect.

God smiles upon all good persevering and united people, acknowledging such as His friends and His servants by His love.

The summary of life is with the memories of the past. We should all live, so far as man is concerned, in LOVE— the flower of life—

All sifted and treasured by the carefulness of the winds, which indifference and neglect have failed to bear away.

We must admire FAME, and LOVE— which is the gateway to heaven, thro' which we attain companionship with angels at the alter of mercy.

The greatest and grandest motive of life, looks heaven-ward— purity and nobility in LOVE, shine thro' wisdom. A young man once said after he felt called to preach ‘I applied myself to the Bible, then God’s word became my meat and drink; I realy thought I loved God’s law. I thought I loved to pray. I thought I loved to praise Him. I loved to speak, and I thought I loved to hear. I thought I loved to mourn and to rejoice— in a word, that I loved all that God loved, and hated all He hated—

I attended all the meetings that I could, and always had something given me to say.— At length I began to repeat the following words: ‘Lord, open doors and provide places for me to preach in— open ears to hear me, and give me food and raiment convenient for myself and family, and I am thy servant forever.’

In the summer of 1776, a year so memorable in the history of the United States, a message was received that Saint Johns was taken by the British, and that the Indians, who were a terror to all the early settlers, would be sent to lay waste the country.

They were greatly alarmed, and at their wits end to know what to do. After some consultation, they concluded the only course was to remove to some place of greater safety. Accordingly with such of their effects as they could carry in their flight, they left for Newbury, where a fort had been erected, and soldiers stationed, both to protect the settlers from the Indians and the Tories in the surrounding country, and to check the incursions of the Indians and British from Canada.

Before leaving, William Nelson filled a large Scotch chest with sundry articles, and buried it, and then to prevent the suspicions of the sons of the wilderness, burnt brush upon the GRAVE.

They soon found however, that if they remained long at Newbury, a greater calamity if possible, than war, would befall them.

They had commenced to clear and cultivate the land; their crops were in the ground, and they must secure them, or die of starvation—

These brave men again held a council and all agreed that there was no alternative but to return at the risk of their lives.

Tradition reports that William Nelson preceded the rest. He bravely said. "It is better to die by the sword than famine, and tearing himself away from his weeping wife and children, went boldly back, trusting in Jehovah's arm for safety. During the day he worked hard, and slept at night with his door barricaded, and his gun at his pillow.

The expected invasion however did not occur, and consequently all in a few days returned to their own habitations.

Beasts of prey proved a greater annoyance than the Indians. The latter, by kind hospitable treatment became the friends of the settler, but the wolves and bears which were very numerous, and were not easy to subdue. For some time John Henderson was the only person that owned a cow in that part of the town. The cow not returning home as usual one evening; Mrs. Henderson, in the absence of her husband went in search for her. Soon after Mr. Henderson came home, and missing his wife asked the children where their mother was? They said, "Mother has gone to find the cow."

It was then dark, at once it occurred to him she was lost. With a pine torch in one hand, and a gun in the other, he sallied forth to find her. He fired off his gun, But no reply came, he proceeded farther into the woods, and discharged his gun the second time. She answered.

Following the direction of her voice, he found her lodged in a tree, where she had taken refuge from wild beasts. Being greatly terrified she screamed outright, and such a noise, Bruin was not accustomed to hear— and ran away.

Bear's meat was much used by the early settlers. The lean part of the bear being like beef and the fat like pork, it was a good substitute for both. When salted a little, call it corn beef.

Besides the perils from the Indians and wild beasts, there were other difficulties that the early settlers had to surmount to put their descendants into the possession of their present cherished inheritance.

There were no bridges and no roads, but spott-ed trees. When they went to mill with a grist, they carried it on their backs, often more than ten miles; this was also the mode of conveyance, in carrying articles to and from the store, which was far away— Men and women then would go ten miles on foot to worship God. in church.

When the Devil sought the people,
To o'er-throw the plans of God:
He had no use for Holy work,
True, Infinite, and broad.
He read the Scriptures so to teach,
That none are free from sin—
Therefore the just and Holy ones
Are all controlled by him.

He taught the people how to cheat,
He taught them how to lie;
He lead them into bondage deep,
And prisons where they die.
He told them how the high and low
Would in a measure win—
And they would up to heaven go,
Regardless of all sin.

He favors strongest kind of drink,
And said it makes all wise;
His subjects stagger on the streets
With stimulated lies.
He fires them up to make a fuss,
And for an office seek—
His wisdom now is guiding those
Who steal, and hide, and sneak.

Captain Comstock appeared at the battle of Bennington barefooted. On being asked why he so appeared, he replied. ‘I’ll kill the first Hessian that falls in my way, and then I’ll have his shoes. He soon found an opportunity; killed a Hessian, but his shoes were too small; shortly he succeeded in killing another, and while in the act of placing his feet in the shoes of his unfortunate and fallen enemy, a ball struck him and he fell to rise no more; upon which a soldier of his company by the name of Benjamin Griffis, remarked to Lieut. Brownson, that the Captain. had lost his shoes.

Upon another occasion, the battle still raging and men falling, Griffis, (no doubt moved by self interest, he having previously lost his wife.)re-marked to Lieut. Brownson that widows would be plenty after the battle.

* * * *

Eldad Taylor, residing on a farm near the Roaring Branch, had two daughters 7 and 4 years, of age, who had wandered into the woods, on the 31 of May, 1780. Not returning and night coming on the parents were almost wild fearing they had fallen a prey to the wild beasts that were plenty in the forest. With the ade of a few neighbors they commenced to search, which was

continued through the night, the next day they were joined by a large number of people from this and the adjoining towns. The search was continued until mid-afternoon the third day; when worn out by fatigue and despairing of finding the lost wanderers alive, the men had collected together with the view of returning to their homes; among them was Ethan Allen.

He mounted a stump and when all eyes were fixed upon him, then in a manner peculiar to himself, he pointed first to the father and then to the mother of the lost children, now petrified with grief, he admonished each individual present, and especially those who were parents, to make the case of these parents his own, and then say whether they could go contentedly to their homes without making further effort to save the dear little ones who probably are now alive, perishing with hunger, and spending their last strength in crying for father and mother to give them some food.

As he spake, his giant frame was agitated, and in the assembly of several hundred men, but few eyes were dry; whereupon they all manifested a willingness to return at once. The search was again renewed, and before the sun-set that day, the children were found and restored to parents.

The town of Sunderland was for some time the home of Gen. Ethan Allen, here he erected a dwelling house on the north side of the Battenkill. This house remained upon its old site as late as 1845. It was in this town where Benjamin Huges, holding a Justice commission under the colony of New York. Was brought before a Committee of Safety and tried, convicted and received the following sentence—

The prisoner to be taken from the bar of this Committee and tied to a tree; receive full twenty stripes; his back being dressed he shall depart out of this district, and on return without special leave of the Convention—suffer death.

This sentence was executed May 30th, 1775.

KEEP THE BANNER UP.

Brightly the flag of freedom is waving,
Over our commerce, and schools so free;
And all the world can admire it friendly,
Wherever it floats o'er land or sea.
The flag of our union in glory shall wave—
Through wisdom and right prevailing;
When justice demands it answers the call!
No matter who are assailing.

We'll honor the union of this great nation,

Home of the Banner that waves so free;
And justly maintain the wise foundation!

Which liberty wrought for you and me.
In conflicts so far, the world may all know,
Our Banner revives the old story;
If ever in war we'll maintain the right,
We'll never give up "old glory."

We all are in union with this great nation,
The birthplace of heroes, brave and true;
They pondered well, and laid the foundation,
And now their record, we can review.

The land they so loved the Banner waves o'er,
The star of the world, for rich or poor;
And in this relation we'll meekly adore,
This echoes now from shore to shore.

Keep the Banner up and waving,

Over land and sea;

It will never cease from glory,

True as true can be.

Keep the good old flag a waving

Then the world can see,

How we love the Starry Banner

The emblem of the free.



In 1778 the settlers built the first log school house in Middlebury, and in the fall of that year there was a general destruction of property all along the borders of the Champlain, which caused a complete desertion of that settlement till after the war.

The settlers buried in the earth all of their effects they could not carry with them.

Olive Torrence, daughter of Robert Torrence, who was but five years old at the time, gave the following account, at the age of 84— They came down Otter Creek on a raft, and built their cabin where the family resided for years.

At the time of their flight Olive was 8 years old. When the rumors of the depredations in adjoining settlements came, the men left their hoeing, and hauled out six canoes from among the trees which they held in instant readiness.

In August the message came. The Tories and Indians were approaching. They at once buried their sugar, kettles, pewter, &c. under the floor of their cabin.

Her mother went out once more to look upon the promising garden she had taken so much pains to cultivate, then they all proceeded down to the creek, where a raft was constructed upon which the women, children, and goods were plac-

ed and their journey commenced up the creek, their only highway. "Mrs. Bently carried in her arms the first child born in town, (Hannah Bently) which attracted much attention, being the only child." The fugitives landed at a military station in Pittsford.

Mrs. Torence in a canoe, soon followed the other women, "carrying in her arms a child about two years old, in a sort of bundle gown brought over her shoulder." Met a regiment of soldiers drawn up in front of her. The Colonel recognized her, and called out, "My God, there's Sally Peck!" (her maiden name.) "It makes a man's eyes run to see you brought to this!" At his suggestion the soldiers gave up their quarters to the women and children.

* * * *

Judge Panter, though driven from his home, did not leave the State till the British had gained a dangerous control over nearly all western Vermont. He had been acquainted with Ethan Allen before he came to Vermont, and was "intimately associated with, Warner, and Baker, in their movements.

He once visited the British post while they held Crown Point, in order to spy out their condition and plans. He played the part of a half

idiot, "taking with him a basket in which he carried a little butter, a few eggs, and some notions to sell to the soldiers." The guard had been instructed to let no suspicious person pass, and Painter, notwithstanding his appropriate dress and foolish appearance, was too suspicious-looking; hence, instead of being admitted into the fort he was taken in a boat and rowed toward a large boat in which were the superior officers, before whom he was to be carried for examination. He knew he was in the power of the enemy who would soon be able to prove the falsity of his character.

He saw the eyes of the officers were watching every movement, but as though seeing not, suspecting not, and casting himself down into the boat, began to count over to himself the profits. If he sold mother's butter for so much a pound, and sister Susy's eggs for so much apiece- this innocent unconcern and idiotic gibbering saved him. The officers began to dread the ridicule it might bring upon them to take so much pains to capture a "perfect idiot," and upon consultation turned their boat about and allowed him to enter the fort and traffic with the soldiers; after which he hurried his departure with a fixt resolution never to enter in such disgrace again.

I remember past kindness shown,
And wish I'd loved them more;
For now I know that life has flown
Out through an open door.
In thought of true affection fled,
And a voice I hear no more!
Carries me back to when a lad,
I slammed the kitchen door.

My mother in the good old way,
With justice on her mind;
Gave me a dressing up that day,
She taught me to be kind;
In every act, look or thought,
My mother had control;
And now that lesson to me taught,
Brings blessings to my soul.

All mother's love may be the same,
My mother's love was true;
And I shall always prize that name,
That name has honored you.
A thousand prayers without a pause,
Could not restore the past!
And true to every worthy cause,
My mother's deeds will last.

“When the ladies,” said Mr. Powers, came to Wells river (there being no canoes), they would bare their feet, and trip it along as nimbly as a deer, the men generally went barefooted, the ladies certainly, wore shoes.

Money was a scarce article in those days as shown by the following incident: Gen. Whitelaw purchased a corn-broom, the first that was used in the settlement.

His daughter being very much pleased with it, remarked that she would never again be to the trouble to make a broom of hemlock brush, when one much superior can be bought for twenty-five cents. “Marion” said her father. “I have seen the time when there was not twenty-five cents in the neighborhood.”

In digging to lay the foundation of a dam in Woodford, for a forge, in removing a large pine stump, the horns of an elk, weighing 60 lbs., were found imbedded in the ground below the roots of the stump.

Mr. Cutler, the first settler of Woodford City, on one occasion lost himself in the woods, and wandered around until sundown.

Seeing no prospect of getting out that night, he began looking about for a place to lodge, and stepping over an old log, found himself in a nest

of young cubs. The little bruins immediately gave a loud alarm, which was answered by the old bear, about 10 rods distant.

Mr. C., entirely without weapons, made for the nearest tree with all possible dispatch. This was a beech, its nearest branch nearly 20 feet from the ground.

He sprang up, and barely got his feet out of her reach when she struck at him with her paw.

Finding his chance was good for staying thro' the night, he ascended into the branches and there cut with a small knife a good stick for defence, and cut off some small limbs and fastened himself to the tree with them.

Mrs. Bruin kept near to the foot of the tree in close watch until after daylight, then she took her family and moved off to other quarters.

Mr. C., beholding at length the coast clear, commenced taking a view from his elevated position of the surrounding country, hoping to obtain a glimps once more of civilization or the abodes of men. He then made up his mind as to the best course to take, descended the tree and reached the habitation of human beings on the old turnpike about noon.

From that part of the town the view of the surrounding country was exceedingly grand.



Beautiful Days, inspiring thought,
 New scenes enlighten the mind;
The landscape view where-e'er you go,
 Some scenes are fading in kind.
The mountains, and rivers, and lakes,
 What more can delight the mind;
The valley scenes, and meadows green,
 All were made to bless mankind.

Years ago, the days were gliding,
 Past my old home in Vermont,
And like a pleasant picture lying
 I now view past scenes in thought.
The old cottage can now be seen,
 Where mother's flowers did grow,
And the old fence by the way-side
 That was built there years ago.

Sitting near the dear old homestead,
 I could look o'er Lake Champlain,
And beyond its lovely borders
 I viewed the Adirondacks plain.
Up and down the streets I've wander'd,
 In the Champlain Valley fair!
Then I viewed the ancient orchards
 That were planted early there.

Beautiful scenes, now I remember,
Sitting by the hearth at night,
Where pleasant looks in tender love
Then did glow in CANDLE-LIGHT.
Now in my fancy I seem to hear,
The dear children's voices ring;
While in reviewing year by year,
The old songs we used to sing.

Oft the frost would nip my fingers,
In the winter's stormy blast,
Then I sported making snow-paths
With my sled it was no task.
How Beautiful the days did seem
When the time was spent in play;
Then pleasure had a shining path
That has lingered to this day.

The Beautiful past is never a dream,
Although it has taken flight,
The future may unfold its leaves,
More Beautiful and bright.
I think of the time that is to come,
Far beyond this earthly shore,
Where I may clasp the hands I love.
And say good by no more.

As yet no established post roads had been constructed, and the arrangements for carrying the mail were every way inadequate to the wants of the settlers. All the southern mails were conveyed from Barnet to St. Johnsbury, over the hill road through Peacham and Danville.

The post riders made their periodic circuits on horse back, fully equipped with saddle bags and a large tin horn.

Prominent among these public functionaries, and well known for his daring deeds was the man William Trescott. He had been endowed by nature with a versatile genius. His attainments in astronomy, and capacity for ardent spirits were alike immense, and his genius was especially exercised in the construction of almanacs and the destruction of bears.

He it was, who encountered and vanquished Bruin on the edge of the gravel bank south of the Plain. It happened on this wise: Trescott had been employed in clearing and burning over the tract of hill land. The fires required—"tucking up" in the evening, and this had excited the curiosity of a certain bear, who after dark, prowled out of the woods to investigate proceedings.

In the course of their wanderings over the hill-side Trescott and Bruin most unadvisedly met,

each being astonished at seeing in the darkness an undefined phenomenon standing on two feet.

No very considerable space of time elapsed before an acquaintance was effected, and warmly embracing each other, the two rolled down the hill-side, until cradled in the hollow of an uprooted stump.

Trescott was now underneath, uninjured and unterrified. His right hand was free, with it he straightway produced a knife from his pocket, and after opening the blade of the same with his teeth, applied it with fatal effect to the jugular vein of the quadruped.

This ended the tragedy; but the bear meantime had suffered untold agonies from the incessant worrying and yelping of Trescott's dog, and it was said, that personal comfort of both combatants had been seriously endangered by the showers of fire brands that came blazing down the hill-side at the instigation of a certain terrified youth above.

Now in giving the minor particulars of this transaction, authorities somewhat differ, but as to the **ESSENTIAL FACTS**, that Bill Trescott met, and hugged and rolled down hill with a **BEAR** there can be no question. Several years after the above adventure a movement was made on

the part of citizens, to wage a war of extermination against the bears; in fact they had greatly multiplied in that locality. Dr. Calvin Jewett was commander-in-chief who mustered all the effective forces, who took down their fowling-pieces and went forth into the haunts of the offenders. An ample range of the forest was selected, taking in the steep bank of the Passumpsic, opposite the bend in the river near Centerville. Scattered about were the hunters, but after they went over the hill-top and returned through the forest, nine black bear pelts were spread out on the grass in front of Edson's tavern. And suggestive is the fact that the nine pelts were soon sold for the necessities of life, then so called, "rum, bread and butter."

THE RESCUE.

Carry out to them the life line,
Don't wait till the storm is o'er;
For you can mount the billows high
And row your boat from shore.
Your captain is true and ready
To direct you with the line;
So pull out for the shipwreck crew
Without any waste of time.

Now hurry out with the life line,
Fear not if the waves are rough;
Just show your manly courage boys,
Your boat is strong enough—
Now take each stroke on together,
And row with all your might!
You'll soon reach the stranded ship
Then fasten the line on tight.

When you make fast the life line,
There's something more to do,
Pull in the line with all you might,
Then hurry and bring the crew.
Some may be dead or perishing
While the line is holding fast;
Bring them now safely to the shore,
Then your joy will come at last.

Rough and wild, the billows raging,
When the life boat came to shore,
With the crew of rescued sailors,
Numbering more than half a score.
Then from the ocean's raging water,
And the storm of rain and sleet,
Those brave men were soon rejoicing
For their rescue was complete.

In Oct, 1759 Maj. Rogers and his company of rangers came down the Passumpsic from Canada, in his expedition to punish the St. Francis tribe of Indians, and being disappointed in not receiving provisions on the Connecticut River, a number of them died of starvation.

From Thompson's Gazetteer of Vermont, edition 1824, says, "Maj. Rogers, with one hundred and fifty six men, came to the mouth of the Passumpsic, discovered a fire on the round island, made a raft and passed over to it—but to their surprise no provisions had been left.

The men already reduced to a state of starvation, were so disheartened that sixty-six of them died before the next day.

An Indian was cut to pieces and divided among the survivors. David Woods, was one of Rogers's sergeants, and stated the above to be correct." This account is not correct in some important particulars. Rogers's journal and the histories of the expedition show that the soldiers and prisoners, all told did not amount to that number, besides all of the survivors were not then and there present, and that it is highly improbable that so great a number as sixty-six died in eighteen hours. Peter Lervey, one of Rogers men told about the soldiers dropping off before

they came to the Connecticut River, but made no mention of the party eating human flesh.

David Woods, said that he was with Rogers, and that they camped near the mouth of the Passumpsic, and that night snow fell several inches deep, and that a negro soldier died that night and was cut up in the morning and divided among the soldiers, and he had one hand for his share, on which with a small trout, after being well cooked, made a very good breakfast.

After breakfast, in going down the river they discovered fire on the round island opposite its mouth, and that Rogers and one man passed over to the island.

Rogers became satisfied that men had been there with provisions but had left.

On his return to his men a consultation was had each soldier was told to take care of himself.

Another person writes, "Joseph Woods told me, and I think his father told him, that about the time the rangers expected to die of starvation, the men cast lots to see who should be killed to furnish food so that they might not all die, and that one was killed and eaten."

Another person told the writer that he heard Hiram Woods say that he had "eaten a piece of an Indian." Now these stories can be reconciled.

upon the improbable supposition that Rogers's party killed one man, a soldier; and ate three dead men, one white man, a negro, and an Indian. It is safe to assert that there is no proof that Rogers and his men, as a party, killed or ate any man, white, black, or red.

It is gratifying to know that an investigation dispelled the cloud that had so long time obscured, in some degree, the glory of the heroic Rogers and his brave men, who fearlessly went hundreds of miles through the enemy's country, performed exploits, and endured the torture of famine and fatigue, to punish the horrid barbarities long practised by the savages of Canada, and so save the families of the frontier settlers.

LIFE'S TRIALS.

When life's trials come before thee,
With their fearful rolling swell,
Look to Heaven then for rescue
And you'll feel that all is well:
See you have the christian courage,
Firmly bound within your heart,
Then all bitter burning anguish,
Will forever more depart.

Time is passing "God has promis'd,"
Through all sorrows to attend,
He who's more than friend or brother
Will be with us to the end.—
There's no shading o'er the portals,
Leading to our Heav'nly home
"Jesus promised life eternal,"
There in glory we'll be known.

When the hands and heart is weary,
And our strength shall be no more,
Then we'll dwell in glorious sunshine.
Far beyond this earthly shore.—
There will be no gloom or darkness,
In that place so free from care;
And the angels with God's glory,
Shine in splendor ever there.

{ Lift your voices, for the Master,
Say to sinners now be-ware;
That you know a sad condition,
For in sin you've had a share!
Tell them how the love of Jesus,
Lifts a heavy load of care;
And when trials come around thee,
He'll not leave thee in despair.

Reuben Parker was born in Westminster, Mass., and settled in Peru Vt., sometime prior to 1800— he was one of the first 4 families in town, and was active in every good work, and was a prime mover in all town affairs.

He kept the first public house in town, and as it was customary in those days he kept a bar of liquors; but when the temperance wave rolled up the mountain side he at once became its advocate. and would neither use or furnish others the noxious beverage.

He had 12 children, and to say that they were all true sons and daughters of such a parent confers upon them an enviable, yet a rightful dower. At one time Mr. Biglow received a description of two thieves who were thought to be in his vicinity. He immediately set off— having arrived at the hotel in Londonberry, the inn-keeper, Mr. Gray, told him he tho't the very men he was in search of had taken dinner there and were then not far away on the road to Weston.

Mr. Biglow, in reply said. "I will have them," went on alone, and coming up to them ordered them to stop, but instead of— they started at full speed on their stolen horses and he after them.

He captured them both, how we can not tell, unless there was a fascination in his eye, a power

in his voice, and authority in his command that could not be resisted.

Rev. M. Bingham whom he valued very highly, was at one time stopping at his house, a very earnestly devoted man, he arose early one morning, and going into the cornfield not far from the house, knelt in prayer.

One of Biglow's daughters espyed some black object in the corn, ran to her father telling him that a bear was in the corn.

He caught his gun and aimed it— but just as he was about to fire, Mr. Bingham slowly arose from his knees.

In 1803 Mrs. Bard, went on horseback, in a bridle-path most of the way to the north part of the town, and on her return, when about half a mile from any clearing she came up to three bears directly in her path, they were digging for roots. Her horse refused to go past them; she hallooed, and threw at them her riding-stick. They merely looked up and went on with their digging. She turned her horse, and rode back to an old tree and broke some branches from it, which she threw at them, causing them to leave the path, two on one side and one on the other, then she rode on between them unmolested, but not entirely free from fear.

In 1811 she rode from Peru to Manchester for meal; which was so very scarce at the time they would not sell it to a man, but could not refuse a woman who pleads hard for herself, and her dear children's need. She left a babe at home but a few weeks old, and proceeded on the way, amid the screams of wild beasts.

Mr. Bard's health was always delicate, consequently the hardships of life in a new country, pressed more heavily upon his wife; but she bore them nobly: she was the mother of 9 children 8 daughters and one son.

A PRICELESS LOVER.

A priceless lover I have found,
He's rich among the rest,
He always smiles in pleasure,
And takes his time to rest—
He often called last summer,
To sing his songs of love;
And then walk out together,
To view the stars above.
How pleasant and enchanting,
When strolling in delight,
To smile upon your lover
Out in the sweet twilight.

I have found a priceless lover,
He soon will cross the sea,
And spread the joyful tiding
Where ever "we may be."
He looks high for relation,
And smiles if others frown;
My lover true "I must tell you,
Is worth ten thousand pounds."
How lengthy are the moments,
In waiting for the time,
When we will be so happy
Out on the wedding line.

{ He never was dishonest,
 He wearies not in strife,
To love him is a pleasure
 And soon he'll have a wife.
His ways are never falty,
 In action he's a star;
In music he's a master,
 And never at the bar.

Returned once more, to spend life's evening gray,
Where first had dawned the morning of his day.

In 1771, settlements were commenced on the White Creek meadows by New Yorkers, who had armed themselves in defiance of the New Hampshire grantees.

Soon after, the latter, well armed proceeded to drive off the intruders, who fled, and the log houses which they had erected were pulled down in heaps and burned with fire.

In 1772, the Sheriff of Albany County, armed with the Governor's proclamation came on for the purpose of arresting the rioters— (as they were called,)— but the inhabitants having found out the Sheriff's intention turned out EN MASSE, headed by "one Harmon near Indian river," and with guns and clubs drove them back, and they were glad to escape with their lives.

The New Hampshire grantees were in the habit of applying the "Beech Seal" to the naked backs of the intruding "Yorkers."

* * * *

To show the character of the TORIES, and their hostility to the cause of the Revolution, the following story is told. Maj. Ormsby, then residing in Manchester, a leading and active Whig, who had exposed himself to their especial hatred, and they were determined to capture him for the British, then at Saratoga.

Accordingly, six or eight TORIES left Rupert in the night and proceeded to the Major's house. Fortunately he was not at home; but they seized his son Daniel, a young man about 21 years old, then they returned in haste with their prisoner to the wilds of Rupert.

In the morning an alarm was given, and the friends of Ormsby, turned out for the purpose of rescuing him. They were enabled to follow the track of the TORIES, in consequence of the prisoner having taken the precaution, unobserved, of frequently breaking twigs off the low branches of trees, while traveling in the woods.

The rescuers came across the party while at lunch on the north side of the town, and part way up the mountain.

The TORIES, had in the meantime dressed their prisoner in a red coat, in imitation of a British soldier, John Nelson, one of the rescuing party drew up his gun and was in the act of firing upon the RED-COAT, when the latter made a sign that he was a friend, then the former dropped his gun. He was thus rescued from the grasp of the TORIES and returned to Manchester.

Dr. Josiah Graves was the first physician that settled in Rupert, he was a good man and well schooled in his practice, and was opposed to Dr.

QUACKS. The following anecdote is characteristic, and shows the contempt he had for quackery. A Dr. Drew settled in Rupert, whom Dr. G. considered a QUACK, and would not acknowledge him as a physician. At a certain time a stranger, passing along inquired of Dr. G. where Dr. D. lived- Dr. G. replied. "I know no such man." The stranger with surprise repeated the question. The Doctor again replied, "I know no such man." The stranger replied, that it was singular- very singular, for there was certainly such a man living somewhere in this town.

The Doctor finally made answer. "I know no such man as DOCTOR Drew, but there is a Jacob K. Drew who lives about two miles below.

MESSAGE TO MOTHER.

Take this Message to his brother,
Then he'll know the bitter part,
He will read it to his Mother,
So it may not break her heart.
She will fear there is some trouble,
And o'er this she must feel sad!
When she listens to the Message,
She will know he's injured bad.

As their train was flying homeward,
 All their pleasures were delight,
 'Till they met a train up-coming
 With a load of freight that night:
 The crash was loud no one can tell,
 As cars smashed down each other!
 But now we can remember well,
 This Message to his Mother.

In this wreck lov'd ones were dying,
 All could heard them plead and call!
 While in timbers pil'd high o'er them,
 Brave men wept, and work'd for all.
 Now in homes there is deep sorrow,
 Where they view the vacant chair!
 And this Message will be cherish'd,
 In true friendship ev'ry-where.

MESSAGE.

Dear Mother, I am injured now,
 We're nearly all smashed up;
 What love can I impart to you,
 In this sad and bitter cup!
 I know you must be watching,
 And waiting for me at home;
 Oh! Mother, I'm disabled now
 And cannot walk alone.



As Major C. was retiring to his chamber one night his dog silently followed him up into his room, which he had never been known to do before, and to the master's astonishment, desired to stay all night.

Being considered out of his place, he was told to go down and stay in his own quarters— after being put out he began scratching for admission.

The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement could not check his intended labor of love, or rather providential impulse; he returned again, and was more importunate than before, to be let in.

The Major, weary of opposition, bade the servant to open the door, that they might see what he really wanted to do.

This done, the dog with a wag of his tail; and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up and crawling under the bed, and there laid himself down as if desirous to stay all night.

To save farther trouble, but not from any love for his company, he was allowed to sleep underneath his masters bed.

About the solemn hour of midnight his chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Mage sprang out from under the bed, and seized the unwelcome disturber,

and held on to him, this awakened the Major, who quickly sprang out of bed. All was dark, but the Major soon obtained a light.

The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous dog, cried for assistance.

The prisoner was found to be the hired man, who little expected such a reception.

He endeavored to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner all raised suspicions in the Majors mind, and he determined to bring the case before the magistrate.

The Italian somewhat terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and rob the house.

This design was frustrated only by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by the interference of Providence.

How else could the poor animal have known the intended assassination?

How else could he have learned to submit to injury and insult for his well-meant services; and finally seize and detain a person, who it is possible had shown him more kindness than his

owner ever had? Mage was of a surly unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master's commands and interests could not well be excelled.

He was scarcely then a year old, and was very awkward at times.

But when-ever he discovered what was his duty to do he was ever anxious to do it.

He would always deliberately try to find out what his master desired of him.

As he grew older he often astonished his master when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of his faculty.

OLD DOG PETE.

It's now a sad story, but true to relate,
Of a drunkard, and his Old Dog Pete:
When Pete was young, his master was kind,
And at that time he drank beer and wine.
Pete grew to be a large dog, kind and true,
And when the Col. was drunk, Pete knew,
And would follow, no matter what was said,
And then sleep beside his masters bed.

One bitter cold night, when snow drifted fast,
The Colonel's. team went flying on past,
His neighbors saw this, and they well knew,
That he would perish if out in the snow.
His friends with lanterns went out to find,
The drunkard in that cold freezing time,
On the road they listened, and heard Pete cry,
He would'nt leave his master there to die.

The neighbors knew that Pete was ever true,
If they found one they would find two;
List'ning while walking they kept the way,
For they could hear Pete cry, "as to say!"
"Will some-one hear me? I feel most forlorn,
My master will freeze, I fear in this storm,"
Soon a light was shining down the road-way,
Where Old Pete's master in the snow lay.

"There's Pete! on the snow-drift just ahead,
He's listening to hear, all that is said,
Will he know us now so covered with snow?
If not, we must try to make him know!
We are friends Pete, what's the trouble now?
At first he growled, but then he knew,"
They had come to carry his master home,
Who was freezing then out in the storm.

Elder Amos Tuttle accepted a call to preach in the town of Hardwick and vicinity in 1795. In October, that year he started with his family from Litchfield for Hardwick. Such a journey was in those days a great undertaking.

They were FIFTEEN DAYS on the way, and met with no more serious accident than the breaking of the wagon. They arrived at Gilman's in Walden, October 31. At about dark that day, they encountered a heavy rain-storm, their bedding was soon taken from the wagon and placed on the floor in a little bark-covered log house, and there the tired immigrants lay down to rest.

There was not a pane of glass about the house, therefore no sign of day appeared until the door was opened in the morning.

The next morning to their great surprise the ground was covered with snow to the depth of 15 inches.

A messenger was sent to Hardwick, requesting their friends to send teams to convey them on their journey. Three sleds, with wild steers were sent. Two of them were loaded with the goods, and the third was fitted up with boxes for seats, and with plenty of straw whereupon to carry the sick, disheartened, mother and weeping children.

David Tuttle, who was then a small boy, says, "As we reached the bottom of that awful hill at the Lamoille River, the sleds stopped that the bridge might be repaired. I saw my mother and brother and little sister all in tears, and shall never forget the expression of sadness when my mother said, 'Dear husband, where are you taking me? I shall die, and what will become of the children? It sobered me for the rest of that day, and brings tears to my eyes now in my old age, as I relate it."

They turned off from the Hazen road and followed a narrow sled-path which wound through the woods, across the Tuttle brook.

The journey thus far being a success, the next care of our pioneer pastor, was to find a house for his family. There was an empty log shanty to be had but it was some out of repair.

Elder Tuttle however was strong and healthy, and with the aid of his friends he succeeded by the middle of November, in making it habitable. There were to be sure, neither windows or cupboards, nor chimney, and the hut itself was only 12 by 15 on the inside. But he cut some holes through the logs and pasted oiled paper over for windows, and the smoke found its own way upward without any chimney.

A successful hunt on snow-shoes by his party in the which three moose were killed, provided the family with meat for a time.

After thus providing "the food comfort," the next question seems to have been how to get about his parish.

He soon found a way. He hewed out a "Tompung," as he called it, and put it together with wooden pins. And with some pieces of rope which had been used to bind on the loads while moving, he made into a kind of harness.

This answered every purpose so far as to fasten the horse to the pung, and to guide him on through the woods among his people who were somewhat scattered in four towns.

CHRIST GAVE ME PEACE.

Christ gave me peace one dismal day,
While I was looking o'er His way,
His pardon then, I did receive,
And now I'm happy to believe.

Inspire dear Lord—engraft all ties,
And give us wisdom to be wise,
Shine in my heart and glory bring!
I love Thy name and love to sing.

All seeking souls upon this earth,
Can into glory have a birth:
And then to dwell with Christ above,
And sing with angels songs of love.

Sometime the cold, cold, wave of death,
Will enter in and take the breath;
For all must part from earthly ties
To meet the Saviour in the skies.

REFRAIN.

Oh, yes! I'm happy in sunshine Divine,
For now I can own the Saviour as mine,
He led me from darkness, and gave me
His peace;
Gave me His peace—gave me His peace,
He led me from darkness, and gave me
His peace;
And then from bondage, I found relief.

COME LET US SING.

Come! let us sing, in daytime or night,
Sing with a glad heart, hopeful and bright,
All join the chorus, singing songs we love,
Looking beyond to the bright home above.
Sing all ye people, through joyful strain;
Sing with the spirit Christ doth contain,
Glory give in song, for mercy and for love
Glory give in song, for the Kingdom above.

A gentleman traveling some years since in one of the southern states, called at an inn, and desired to stay all night. The host informed him it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was full, still he entreated him for lodging, as he was almost exhausted in traveling, as well as his beast.

After much urging he consented, provided he would sleep in the room that had long been unoccupied, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reputed to have been murdered there. "Very well," "I'm not afraid of ghosts." Then said the host, those who lodged in the room last, stated that after retiring a voice was heard, saying, "DO YOU WANT TO BE SHA-VED?" "Well, replied the guest," "If he comes I'll let him shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the apartment. He was conducted through a room where were seated a number at a gaming table.

Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses, after having heard 'ghost stories,' he carefully searched every closet in his apartment but could find nothing but a large basin.

He then retired, in a short time he imagined he heard a voice. He arose and went to his window, the sound appeared to come from the out-

side. After a few moments of suspense, he heard the sound distinctly. On closer examination he observed that a limb of the venerable oak projected so near the house, as on every breath of wind to grate the shingle, creating a sound like "DO YOU WANT TO BE SHA-VED." Having satisfied himself he went to bed again, and attempted to sleep; but was interrupted by peals of laughter in the room below, where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking he could turn his discovery to his own advantage, he took the sheet from his bed, and wrapped it around him.

Then taking a basin that was in the room descended to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, rushed in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice. "Do—you—want—to—be—sha—ved?" Terrified at this sudden interruption, they left the room in the greatest confusion; some tumbling down stairs over the heads of some others.

He then deliberately put his basin under the table, and gathered an immense sum of money into it, which had been left thereupon, and then retired peaceably to his room to rest.

The next morning on going down below, he found the utmost confusion.

They immediately asked him if he enjoyed a

good night's rest. He replied in the affirmative. "Well, no wonder," for the ghost, instead of going to his usual place he made a mistake, and came into our room, and carried off every cent of our money!" The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his breakfast, and departed with his valuable treasure.



THE UPPER STORY.

How is the upper story,
At morning noon or night?
How is the upper story,
The room above your sight.
Was the room ever vacant,
In trouble can you see?
It is the only store room,
That ever troubled me.
It is the highest occupant,
For knowledge is the test;
And it may be your fortune,
To have more than the rest.

How is the upper story,
When the taxes are due?
How is the upper story;
When your business is blue?
If the upper story's vacant,
You could'nt have an ache—
And when the time is lovely,
You'll never feel to hate.
The upper story is the best
For ev'ry kind of mind,
It holds a world of knowledge,
To make or mar mankind.

{ The upper story cultivate,
The room below your hat,
It's worthy of attention,
'Till grayer than a rat
Because it belongs to you,
And it belongs to Pat,
And each one can elevate,
And dwell within the flat.

Wise men live in honor trusting,
Self denying work and pray;
By and by they'll be rewarded,
Where no time can pass away.

We had heard of the valley of the Champlain; but it is one thing to read of Beulah, and another to walk through her borders of beauty.

Passing down the lake road from Panton to Addison, on the left of the smooth and excellent highway, handsome rural residences held the most charming sights, to almost every one of which we gave the palm before passing by, now to this cottage, with modest pretensions peeped out from 'mid an orchard of red-ripe fruitage; next to one that crowned a moderate elevation, overlooking a little bend or cove in the lake.

There we saw the wreck of an old boat, half sunken in the water; we were told that three boats were wrecked there one stormy night.

On our left lay one panorama of charming loveliness, while on the right, Champlain—lake of bright waters—heaved and swelled gently in toward the fair shore, now hidden from view by skirting trees, or slight swells of land, which our road came round and hugged more closely to the pebbly shore.

This was one of the journeys that pay, where earth and air and water give unmeasured recompense; where one feels not the feather-weight of care, but luxuriates in the calm rich gladness, that stirs the boughs of the goodly trees, sings

in the low murmers of the lake-waves, looks down from the soft Indian summer sky, and maps the whole beautiful landscape.

It was the afternoon of a lifetime, when one is satisfied with earth as it is—when the augury of hope prophesises in the heart: “Then human mind takes color and tone by what it feeds upon. Where loved of the beautiful thus predominated and thus is cherished—where art skillfully joins handiwork with nature—your mission will ever be welcomed.” Our first night in the Valley, we slept in the old Strong mansion, where five generations of the Strong family have been born.

Well may they who now dwell there feel an honest pride in the venerable mansion—substantial still; built in the day when carpenters did work upon honor.

On the morrow we surveyed, with reverential admiration the spacious olden hall, with its broad stairway of antique banisters, the massive doors and ancient mouldings, and at the rear window, gaze out upon one of the finest lake-views in the country.

In the evening we went back and lived over the early days of the settlement, the trials and expedients of those hardy, honest pioneers, and listened to the story of one church-going man,

who, the first winter of his residence in town, having no sleigh or sled, fitted runners to the trumdle-bed, in which he took his wife and children to meeting every Sabbath day; when the mountain squall threatened, covering over the heads of the happy load with an old quilt or coverlet, so that at the door where the meeting was held the plump little troop were turned out from the bunk where they nightly snugged down to sleep, warm and rosy, as if fresh from their slumbers.

There was godliness and beauty in the homely story. Who can but heartily admire the man and woman, who, in every circumstance, "puts the best foot forward?" Such were our forefathers and foremothers.

MY MOTHER TOLD ME SO.

Just kindly sing this good old song,
When you go round about,
It would not take you very long
To learn it there's no doubt.
Of all the songs the world can sing,
None can like this contain;
The melody, the life and twang,
Of this good old refrain.

This charming song I used to sing
When out to sport and play,
Real joy to me would always bring
At either night or day.
It's the same song my playmates sang,
Out by the cottage lane,
There under the tree we would swing,
And murmur this refrain.

It was my mother's good old song,
That first I learnt to sing,
And still it cheers me all along
Thus joy it always brings.
One lovely sweet and greatful tho't,
And you shall hear the same,
The only song my mother sought
Had this same old refrain.

REFRAIN.

Oh! where, oh where is perfect rest,
In this great world of sinfulness?
For storms are raging on life's track,
And thro' them we must go—
We cannot always keep them back,
“My mother told me so:”
We cannot always keep them back,
“My mother told me so.”

Rev. Thomas Clark, of Salem, N. Y., Rev. Robert Annan, of Boston, John Galbraith, and some others, most of whom were Scotchmen, obtained a very large grant from New York, which lay on the Passumpsic, including Burk, being about 9 miles long and 6 wide—which they called BAMF. John Galbraith received \$99,81 as his share of the \$30,000 paid to the State of New York.

He then went to Canada to return to Scotland, and was there seized as a spy and shipped with Jonathan Elkins of Peacham and others to England, where he was acquitted and set free, having a free passage home, he very soon arrived in Scotland.

William Stevenson and James Cross, settled in the town of Barnet, in 1776 and bought land in the Harvey tract, on the Stevens River.

They lived alone in a house for a number of years. Coming home one time when the night was somewhat dark, from the mill at Newbury, with a grist on their backs, and when about one mile from their home they found a bear sitting in their path.

Mr. Stevenson who was considerably ahead, and while his hound dog engaged the bear, Stevenson had an opportunity and struck the beast across the eyes with the cudgel that he carried

with him. This upset the bear in some measure; still Bruin gave fight to him and his dog; but Stevenson, watching for a good opportunity, struck him across the small of the back and continued the blows till the bear was dead.

He was a strong and courageous man, and often said he did not know the nature of the beast he killed, and never thought he was in any danger till he examined the bear's great paws.

He carried it home, with the help of Mr. Cross, who caught up during the fight.

James Gilchrist, Esq., a Scotchman, about the year 1777, settled on the plain at McIndoe's Falls. At an early period he was elected to important offices in town, in which his influence was long felt. His wife had a very vigorous mind, good judgement, and memory.

She was then noted for her extensive religious knowledge and piety. She was a member of the Associate Congregation of Barnet for 40 years. She rode on horseback to Mr. Goodwille's church, and so regular and constant was her attendance, that one day, when too feeble to attend church, her trusty old horse, (she long used,) jumped out of the pasture one Sabbath morning, went with the neighbors to meeting, and stood at the old place until the rest went home.

The stars are coming out to night,
And would you like to know,
How the young can play on the hill
While sliding o'er the snow?
Come and go with me to night,
Let the stars shine as they will;
For pleasure now, we must not fail
To join in sliding down the hill.

Come see them now in true delight,
And hear the bells a ringing!
As down the hill they slide in style
While to their sleds a clinging.
Then may Sue, and her good Joe,
Join hands—up the hill they go;
With happy hearts and right good will,
Fills the bill, sliding on the snow.

The moon and stars are shining out
Just beautiful and bright,
The snow is sparkling all around
Like diamonds in the night.
Hear the young, and old as well,
Some will toot and ring the bell!
There's music health and lots of fun
When out a sliding down the hill.

Then they go over the snow, sitting on a sled,
 Down the hill bump-e-ty-bump, leader on ahead,
 Many voices shout, pull up the sleds, turn about,
 Ring the bells—blow the horn—
 Sliding down the hill:-
 Ring the bells—blow the horn—
 Sliding down the hill.

{ Beautiful stars, how bright they are,
 Shining on the hill up there,
 Evening star, none can compare
 In all the rays of splendor.
 Sliding, riding, o'er the snow,
 Down the hill how fast they go,
 Ring up the bells—toot the horn
 While sliding down the hill.



NONE so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed,

The true happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable industry.

The apple-sauce of life is composed measurably out of nonsense; many a life is wrecked on the waves of sadness. If people in life do not love their home the reason may be they have never had any use for the apple-sauce of life.

To tell it out plain, I have but a poor opinion of homes where laughter, merriment, nonsense, and jokes are unknown.

Measure the gayety of any old graveyard and you have about the size of those who do not enjoy the apple-sauce of life, they never smile or laugh, for fear it would cause dyspepsia.

I am quite aware that there is a forced gayety, and forced laughter, there is nothing more sad when it becomes chronic.

Solomon tells us that the "wisdom of man maketh his face to shine, and his countenance is no more sad." A hearty laugh is one of the best and rarest of things, and one of the surest symptoms of moral health, though of course, this is as a rule by no means without exceptions.

The apple-sauce of life is refreshing. I have known homes where there was a perpetual sighing over the evils of humanity—past, present and to come; after the evils comes the faults, and after faults the errors, till the melancholy catalogue is all gone through, but that does not prevent it

from being renewed on the morrow. We all in some measure create our own happiness, which is not half so much dependent upon scenes and circumstances as most people are apt to imagine. The affections which bind a man to the place of his youth are essential in his nature; they are implanted in his breast, and cling to life from the beginning to the end.

Take the cup of goodness in a saucer of grace and with some jolly cake you can soon have an inexpensive luxury, the apple-sauce of life.

Thousands of men move, live, and pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? None were blest by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled. Will you thus live and die?

Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time cannot efface.

Make home "the dearest spot on earth," by smiles of goodness; "a little nonsense now and then is pleasing to the best of men."

If you look into the early life of helpful men, those who made life easier and nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find they live purely in the manner that guided them in their youth.

Many children go astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue in the home, but simply because home lacked sunshine, and the apple-sauce of life.

A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look but little beyond the present moment. If a thing displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces and words are harsh and faultfinding, is ever in the ascendant, the children will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

Fathers and mothers make your home happy in spirit,—use a little nonsense the apple-sauce of life. Talk and play with the young in such a way as to make them love you, and be happy.

FASHIONS TO ADMIRE.

If you now intend to follow the fashions,
Then let me tell you it will not be long,
Before you will have a kind invitation
To buy and sing my popular songs.
Then at your home, no doubt they'll listen,
For it wouldn't take you very long,
To prove to any one loving good music,
That you have the best fashion in song.

Old fashions are good, but newer are better,
Your clothing don't fit without a tailor,
For every day at least, you should take
To roast-beef mutton-chop, or pork-steak;
And then side dishes to make things better,
As onions, corn, beans and some pertater;
And these are but few you could mention,
To prove my song is not an invention.

The late fashions are one and number two,
For sale in all the great stores you know,
And if you should buy don't think to escape,
The observations some people will make.
For some will talk of your finance condition,
While others will mention your position,
So don't mind now all the people have to say
Keep up this fashion and sing ev'ry day.



Don't give up your smiling,
Should anyone say,
This wonderful fashion
Will ruin some day.
For they who are coming
In all the best style,
Are saying these songs
Replenish a smile.

On a trial once held in Maryland, the principal witness grounded all his charges on the information of a GHOST! The following narrative, selected from an old Magazine, may exhibit that species of evidence in a correct point of view:-

A farmer, on his return from the market at Southam, in the county of Warwick, was murdered. A man went the next morning, called on his wife and inquired if her husband came home the evening before--she replied no, and that she was under the utmost anxiety and terror on that account. Your terror, said he, "cannot equal mine, for last night as I lay in bed, quite awake, the apparition of your husband appeared to me, showed me several stabs in his body, told me he had been murdered by such a person, and his carcass put into such a marble pit."

The alarm was given, the pit searched, the body found, and the wounds answered the description given. The man whom the ghost had accused was apprehended and committed upon suspicion of murder.

His trial came on at Warwick, before the Lord Chief Justice Raymond. The jury would have convicted as rashly as the justice who had committed him, had not the judge checked them.

He addressed himself to them in words to this

purpose:—“I think, gentlemen; you seem inclined to lay more stress on the evidence of an apparition, than it will bear. I cannot say that I give much credit to these kind of stories; but be as it will, we have no right to follow our own private opinions here.

We are now in a court of law, and must determine according to it. And I know not of any law now in being which will admit of the testimony of an apparition; and yet, if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evidence. “Crier,” says he, “call the ghost,” which was thrice done, to no manner of purpose. “Gentlemen of the jury,” continued the judge, “the prisoner at the bar, as you have heard by undeniable witnesses, is a man of the most unblemished character, nor hath it appeared in the course of the examination that there was any manner of quarrel or grudge between him and the party deceased. I do verily believe him perfectly innocent, and as there is no evidence against him either positive or circumstantial, he must be acquitted.

But from many circumstances which have come up during the trial, I do strongly suspect that the gentleman who saw the apparition, was himself the murderer, and in such a case he might easily ascertain the pit, the stabs, &c. with-

out any supernatural assistance; and on such suspicion, I shall think myself justified in committing him to close custody till the matter can be further inquired into." This was immediately done, and a warrant was granted for searching his house, when such strong proof of guilt appeared against him; he confessed the murder, and was executed at the next assizes.

TRAIN SALVATION.

God's train is ever running,
On lifes track you must know,
With one station in heaven!
All others here below;
This train is often stopping,
But never in full view;
It has unnumber'd stations,
And one is kept by you.

God's train is now for safety,
And never carries sin,
The track is old and narrow;
But safe to enter in.
We must find the conductor,
Who'll banish ev'ry fear,
And fit us up for glory!
In our home atmosphere.

Keep your light ever shining,
Don't squander time away,
And live in sin and darkness
For that will never pay.
We must look for a kingdom,
Prepar'd for all the blest!
Then on the train Salvation,
We'll enter into rest.

Oh, sacred Head I love Thee,
Yet trials weigh me down,
I'm working for Thy kingdom,
My cross is near the crown.
Oh, sacred Head my safety,
I shall from darkness flee;
And take the train Salvation,
For all eternity.

REFRAIN.

We can take the train Salvation,
That will purify the heart;
Then we'll journey on to Heaven,
Where it's never, never dark.
There we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we hear the Saviour say!
Behold the "Light in Glory,"
That will never pass away.

The sick child lay on her easy chair close to the window. It was a bright Summer evening; the rays of the setting sun fell first upon her little geranium in the window and then upon her own pale face. As she gazed and gazed into the glowing sky, and thought of the land that is far away, and wondered whether the glory of heaven was any thing like the glory that lay at the gate. Then she sighed, as she thought how poor she was, how weak she was, how many wrong things she had done. Would she be forgiven? could God care for her? was it likely He would notice such a small child as she was?

At last she fell into a gentle sleep, and had a pleasant dream; and the dream was like unto this: She thought she had done with earth, and that an angel was carrying her gently and tenderly to heaven.

And yet he did not at once mount to the sky; instead of that, he made his way to a large town near to where the child had lived; then he flew down into one of the closest and dirtiest back streets, and picked up a withered plant out of the rubbish heap.

Nobody saw the beautiful angel. Then he began to rise and soar away from earth toward heaven; and the child asked him why he wanted

that poor faded flower. Then he told her this story. "In a dull, dark cellar of the street we have just left," he said, "there lived not long ago a poor crippled boy. Poor he was indeed, and most afflicted; and a dreary life he led down in that dirty room. At his best he managed to drag himself with slow and painful effort across the floor at other times he could not move from his hard bed. He had never played like other children, and had never seen the sweet wild flowers growing, nor the fields and woods, nor heard the birds sing in the Spring time.

The neighbor's children brought to him some flowers; and one time a bright little girl, on a bright Spring day brought him a primrose in a plant dish. One or two flowers were in blossom and there were plenty of buds. Oh, what a treasure this little plant was to his lonely heart.

The poor boy tended it, watered it, and put it where a few rays of sunshine might best reach it, and at night placed it near his bed that his first waking gaze might rest upon it.

It was the treasure of that short and joyous life then almost ended. The poor boy every day grew weaker, but his eyes rested in love upon his cherished flower, and his last gaze in death was fixed upon the pale sweet blossom.

He died and then the primrose faded and died
and was thrown into the street as worthless.

Then the angel said—"do you know why I
have told you this? "You gave me the primrose
and I was the cripple boy!"

In the excitement of the discovery the child
awoke from her dream. It was but a dream.
The sun was just sinking down below the horizon,
and there was her own beautiful geranium
which had perhaps helped to suggest the vision.
"It was only a dream," she said, half sighing,
"only a dream, and yet I feel better for it."

Our Father in heaven is glorified with angels.
He gives them their work to do, and the little
joy which a flower may bring' will always be
of His own sending,

I KNOW HIS NAME.

I know the name in whom to trust,
That name I now adore,
He gives me strength to daily bear
My trials on this shore.
He stays my hope and hears my cry,
He pardoned me from sin,
He'll never say to me "good by!"
While I belong to Him.

I know in whom to daily trust,
His name I now revere,
And when the bitter trials come,
He'll take away all fear.
He will now guide my weary steps,
Until life's march is o'er!
And never leave me in distress,
Upon this earthly shore.

I know He hears me when I pray,
There is no room for doubt,
I'll battle on and keep the way,
Though Satan lurks about;
He is the foe which creates sin,
His ways are all forbidd'n,
The purest way on earth I know,
Is that which leads to heav'n,

I know a name that casts out fear,
And dwells above the skies,
His love will cheer and ever save,
And strengthen christian ties.
He is our "Father's Beloved Son,"
He's glorified by name!
"And He was born in Bethlehem,
And on the cross was slain."

There is no station in life in which difficulties have not been encountered and over-come before any decided measure of success can be achieved. Little difficulties are often our best instructors, as our mistakes often form our best experience. We learn wisdom more from failure than from our success; we often discover what will do, by finding out what will not do, and he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

A humming-bird once met a butterfly and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

“I can not think of it,” was the reply, “as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt. ‘Impossible!’” exclaimed the humming-bird.

“I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you.”

“Perhaps you do now,” said the other, “but when you insulted me I was a caterpiller.”

So let me give you a piece of advice; never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors.

Little difficulties are not overcome by rank or by the beautiful surroundings. If there were no other proof, the face will often tell when we do right and when we do well.

"A man that hath any truth in him," said the Rev. Dr. Deems, important to be given to this generation, need not much concern himself as to where he shall speak it. Some would twaddle about unappreciated genius and their difficulties. And then go whining among the butterfly school misses about the cold world: then others dream that if they had only such a position in such a city, such an editor's place, such a pulpit, such a theater of display, they would shake the old world's foundation.

Many a young preacher in an obscure country parish has this temptation. Many a young poet who can not secure a publisher, goes into the fog. It's a shrewd old world with difficulties to overcome. But if the will-power is sufficiently strong the difficulties will disappear.

It's hard work and good calculation that bring success usually; and that sort of life is relished by those who are prosperous. They seldom have time to talk of their disappointment and their difficulties.

Walk through life as you may, and say your say, and cry your cry, and just as sure as TRUTH is in it,—it will scatter difficulties,—for it is the law of Nature and will never be repealed. Two wrongs never makes one right.

A surgeon in Florence, many years ago, saw in the street a dog whose leg had just been broken by a cart wheel. Compassion or curiosity induced him to send the dog to his house where he reduced the fracture, and confined the animal, till the case was completed. The dog was then discharged, not until many demonstrations had been shown of gratitude and joy.

About one year afterwards the same little dog came into his study, apparently in great agitation, and extremely solicitous to attract his attention to something. The importunities of the animal did not cease until he had compelled the surgeon to descend into the yard, where to his surprise, he discovered slowly crawling by the gate another dog with his back broken.

NEAR MY COTTAGE DOOR.

Near my cottage I was sitting,
In the sunshine one June day,
And in rapture then was thinking
O'er scenes that happened far away;
Soon a breeze came gently wafting,
And some clouds had gathered o'er,
While I viewed the fields of nature
Sitting near my cottage door.

Then I heard some bees a buzzing,
And at once they filled the air,
Flying all around my cottage,
Singing merrily ev'ry where.
Soon they settled down to lighting
On the tree just out before—
Then my heart was beating quickly,
Sitting near my cottage door.

Soon a hive I hastened after,
For their home and honey store,
But somehow then I did falter,
For on me I feared they'd pour.
Courage gained without protection,
Then with hive I'd found before,
Down with nervy hands I shook them
And then sought my cottage door.

You can think of lovely landscape,
And of pleasures o'er and o'er,
While I think of bees a buzzing
That once made my face all sore.
When that hiving task was over,
From my eyes the tears did pour!
And from stinging I was blinded,
Sitting near my cottage door.

Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please every body. Who ever knew any body that was worth any thing that nobody found fault with him? You would have to be evil in many cases to please the evil; flatter some to gratify their pride; indulge the selfish, submit to the tyrannical, be a tool for the ambitious and be careful not to have any thing as good as those who desire to have every thing superior to their neighbors.

If you are a public man, should you be diligent you must expect to have many secretly to dislike and talk against you, and should you accomplish little, though many may show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear pleasant to you do thus because they do not fear your rivalry—they may smile on you outwardly, yet entertain contempt for your inefficiency. Always do that which is right, be diligent, do the most you can, pay no regard to the fault-finders and you will find as many friends as any sensible man need desire.

Live for an object, and spend your time and means in such a way as to be of some benefit to others. The miser gathers his gold—its pursuit stimulate his endeavors and it is an accumulation which may bless the world after his

departure. But occasionally there are in the community individuals and sometimes families whose lives seem utterly objectless. By the accumulation of earlier days or by inheritance, they have a competence to live in—well—a state of nothingness.

As citizens they are well enough, orderly, civil, social even, when brought by circumstances into communication with others. But they are not linked to any public enterprise. They seem to have no enemies, no special friends.

Doing nothing to benefit the world—but like the door on its hinges, turns with the current of every-day life, leaving no impress upon society, no track to show they have ever been.

The objectless way of living subverts all the good purposes and ends our being. It should be avoided and guarded against.

Two or three generations of such living would result in a state of barbarism. Begin with the children, educate and train them to a purpose in life; something outside of mere self, something beyond the little circle that radiates around self and self's immediate kin.

When we work and are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear the ground has

a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful.

We take our food with relish and whatever it may be it pleases us. We feel better for it—

Now what happens to us if we are shiftless, ill tempered and discontented? Why, there is not any thing which can please us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions and with ourselves. Nothing comes right for us; the weather is too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun nor moon, nor stars have any beauty; the fields are barren; the flowers lusterless and the birds are silent. These pictures do not fade.

BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

This life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers
But storms and calms alternate
As thorns among the flowers.
Now when we seek the roses
The thorns we always scan,
Still let us if they scratch us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has many crosses,
As well as joys to share,
They come in disappointments
Which we all have to bear.
But if old times obstruction,
Entomb our dearest plan
Let us with what is left us
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment
Is made of little things,
As oft the purest water
Come from little springs.
By treasuring small waters
The rivers reach their span,
So we increase our pleasures
Enjoying what we can.

We may find some obstructions
On which we plan to go,
Still there are many places
Where kindness we can show.
But should we never follow
The way some others plan,
Yet let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

We often hear women say, "I was looking for company and had every thing all fixed;—"or "don't put on those white stockings, dear, wait till we have company;" or, "O, no, don't use those dishes, they're for company."

And so the best of every thing is saved for those who probably don't even respect the poor, fastidious, craven tool, except to drink her best tea, and then stuff down her cake and well-kept viands! I was amused one time while in B., at our landlady's visiting quite often a stylish family, who were so coarse and vulgar as to be repulsive. She was a very good woman, of a fine intellectual organization. One day as we sat alone I said to her, "Mother, may I ask you a question, and you will promise not to be angry with me?"

"You could not make me angry, child, what is it?" and she laughed at my hesitancy. "Well, do you visit the—a because you like them?"

Her face flushed crimson; it was her turn to hesitate. "I will tell you; they are old neighbors of mine and I get tired sometimes here at home, and—and when they have company there is not a better table set in the whole city."

And here she leaned back, diverted with my simplicity and her own honesty, and laughed so

freely and charmingly that I was coaxed into a fit of real boy laughter, Mother — was a noble woman, her appreciation of the beautiful and good never was excelled.

I call it a bad state of affairs when every thing that is best is kept for company; when the poor father who earns all cannot enjoy the fruits of his own labor. For my part the best the home affords is for the toiling ones by whose sweat it was brought. If I have any apologies to make they are made to them, not to visitors.

The best bed in the house is nightly occupied by two stout kicking boys, and unless the visitor is a feeble old lady I don't allow them to give up the spare bed at all. If we have corn cake and milk for supper, I never apologize more than to say, “Perhaps you would prefer wheat bread with milk.”

Then let the old folks stick to their old custom and old-fashioned clothes; that is if you seek their pleasure to that of visitors and callers who care nothing for you or yours beyond respect.

We should not permit the cold fashionable ways of the world to come between us and our home hearth's affections.

“We should close our ears to that freezing phrase, “What will people say.”

I am going to keep all my pennies," said little Kate to her sister. "I have fifteen in my bank and by and by I can buy a diamond cross for mamma. She will look so pretty with it on her black dress."— "O, mamma does not care for such things," said Emma.

"But how do you know?"— "Because, the other day, when I asked her if she would not like to have a ring like that of Mrs. H., so beautiful and shining, she kissed me many times, and said— 'the only diamonds she wished for were those she saw in our eyes when we are good and happy. "Well then I will buy her some other present," added Kate, "for I love her so much,"

I think," said Emma, "that mamma does not care for presents; but would rather see us good."

MOTHER'S SMILES.

A mother's loving smiles, I once shared,
And still her smiles are dear to me;
I sadly have missed them a long while,
For now she's gone beyond life's sea:
But still I can think how pleasantly,
Her loving smiles upon me shown,
And her parting words, they stay by me,
I weep o'er them when all alone.

I never shall forget, "no never,"
My mother's tender loving smiles;
She kept me in childhood beside her,
And called me her dear little child.
How lovely she would rock me to sleep,
And then lay me down to repose;
And when I was full able to creep,
Her anxiety no one knows.

Years have flown and oft I ponder,
Over pleasures I once did prize;
I think of mother when I wander
And cherish her true loving ties.
All her words were so kindly spoken,
They bound my pleasure and my will,
As once my heart was almost broken,
But my pulse is quickened still.

Her greetings I love now to cherish,
Although her smiles I cannot see!
For she is with the angels sleeping,
Just beyond the bright crystal sea:
And sometime I shall go to see her,
When the dear Saviour calls for me,
Then from earth I'll cross life's river.
And with her in glory be.

We hear and read about our forefathers; they were nice old fellows, no doubt. Perfect bricks in their way. Good to work, eat, or fight.

Very well. But where are their companions their "chums"—who, as their helpmates, urged them along? Who worked for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched their breeches? Who unpetticoated themselves for the cause of liberty? Who nursed our forefathers when sick—sang Yankee Doodle to their babes—who trained up their boys? Our foremothers. Who landed at James River, and who came over in the **MAYFLOWER**, and established other early settlements? Were there women among them? One would think not. Our Yankee neighbors especially make a great talk about the Pilgrim Fathers who squatted on Plymouth Rock. And there's a most wonderful ado made over it every time they wish to get up a little enthusiasm on liberty, and refresh themselves by crowing over freedom; and the chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them, when they take a notion to vaunt themselves on the glory-line. And our staid Pennsylvania Quakers, too like to plume themselves slyly upon the merits and doings of William Penn and his associates; but with all their "blarney," so plentifully given

on all sides, what do we hear or gather about the foremothers? Didn't they land on the rock too? Didn't they encounter perils and hardships?

And after all, didn't they with kind hearts and warm armes, sustain the flagging spirits of their male companions, and kept the stalwart chilly old forefathers from freezing to death during those horrible cold Winters which some of them had to shiver through.

We have our monuments commemorating, and our songs, our toasts, and our public dinners, celebrating the wonderful deeds of our forefathers; but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and write ourselves round-shouldered, while boiling over with enthusiasm about the nice things our forefathers did; and yet nothing is said about our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deeds may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own.

Besides we forget to remember that if it had not been for our foremothers, we ourselves would not be here to know, and be proud of what our forefathers did.

We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old boys, our forefathers, say we. May the glory

of their deeds never be less! but the Good Book tells us to "render unto Cæsar," etc, and as we wish to speak a word in season for women generally, and especially for our noble and self-sacrificing foremothers, lest time and the one sided page of history shall blot them forever from our memories.—**BANNER OF THE COVENANT.**

GLORIOUS SUNSET.

Oh, bright and glorious sunset,
In golden shades the West,
And soon night follows after
Thus giving time for rest.
Then again the morn will dawn,
And we our work persue,
Though it may be burdensome,
We can be kind and true.

Oh, bright and glorious sunset,
Thy shining realm above,
Makes up a beautious picture
Of blessed! blessed! love.
It tells of days now passing,
Before the night has come,
And thro' the light of morning,
To guide us to our home.

Oh, bright and glorious sunset,
Of God's own rightfulness,
Which now can illuminate
In the home of the blest.
We must live for the mansions,
In that Kingdom of joy-
Where sin can never enter,
To harm or to annoy.

O then the clouds of darkness,
Shall break away at last,
When all the bitter trials,
Are fully o'er and past.
E'ven then that glorious sunset
We surely will behold,
While passing through to glory
And joys as yet untold.

Oh, bright and glorious sunset,
Our work will soon be done,
And then we'll all behold Him.
"The Holy! Holy! One."
So brilliantly He's shining,
And blessing all mankind!
Oh, bright and glorious sunset,
All glory shall be Thine.



“If I could only have a whole day to do nothing I should be so happy,” said little Bessie.

“To-day shall be yours,” said her mother.

“You may play as much as you please, and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it.”

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school, and they all envied her for having no lessons.

When they had gone she climbed up into the cherry-tree and picked a lapful for pies, but when she carried them in her mother said—“That is work, Bessie. Don’t you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away.

No work to-day, you know,” and the little girl went away, rather out of humor.

She got her doll and played with it awhile. She tried all her toys, but they didn’t seem to please her any better. She soon came back and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

“Mayn’t I help you mamma?” she asked.

“No, Bessie, that is-n’t play.

Bessie went out into the garden again and leaned over the fence watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard mother sit-

ting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came home from his work and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal, but when it was over and father away, she said wearily, "Mamma, you don't know how tired I am of DOING NOTHING!"

If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order."

"I can't my dear child, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up some old stockings and began to mend them. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said, "Mamma why do people get tired of play?" "Because God did not mean to have us idle. His command is, "Six days shalt thou labor. He has given us all work to do.

* * * *

Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions, will impress them. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in a thousand other way that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures so they will grow.

Teach your children to love the beautiful, and give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put it in the shape of a hanging

basket. Allow them to have their favorite trees, teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets, have them where they can best view the sunrise.

The boys are not all perfect,
This is evident you know,
Still they have tender hearts
And soon to manhood grow.

Arouse them in the morning, not with the stern “time to work,” but with the enthusiastic, “see the beautiful sunrise.” Buy for them beautiful pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms each in their own childish way.

You should praise them, and give them a chance to play; if they are attending school; it will do them more good than harm; unless they are born a fool. Make your home beautiful.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS.

Behold the little blooming flowers,
Out in the evening air,
So divinely pure and beautiful
We love them ev’rywhere.
They teach a lesson for the mind,
The fairest must all fade;
Yet they can cheer the rich or poor
While blooming in the shade.

We view the little blooming flowers,
Standing in bright array,
To cheer and beautify the home
Before they pass away.
Their perfume is wafted ev'rywhere,
Through balmy sunny air!
The emblem of love and purity
The fairest of the fair.

We view the little fading flower
With beauty almost gone,
The loveliest blossom of the year,
So sweet in its perfume.
All the little changing beauty spots,
"You see, must soon decay,"
The brightest colors of the flower
Will fade within a day.

We view the little fading flowers,
When life to them is cast,
We have viewed them many times,
With pleasure in the past.
But soon we'll say to flowery gem,
Fare-well! fare-well! adieu!
You are a gift from Nature given.
We'll fade sometime like you.

Milo A. Everest, the designer of this book was born in West Addison, Vermont, Mar. 14th 1843. His early life was spent on the farm, and his schooling was at the district school.

At the age of 18 he enlisted in Co. D-12th U.S. Infantry. His father-grandfather and his great-grandfather were military men.

After his discharge from the 12th, U. S. Infantry, he then entered Eastman's Business College Poughkeepsie, N. Y. After spending one year at home and in school, he re-enlisted for the third Vermont-Battery of light artillery.

In 1875 he was appointed Postmaster at West Addison, his native town—which office he held 14 years; although he never sought but few offices; yet he has held as many as 7 in one year, over which he can look back without regret.

In the year 1900, he left his native State, Vt., and moved his family to Everett, Mass., where he now intends to abide the remainder of his life. He is the author of a number of songs, and known as the Veteran Composer; his style of poetry is simple, the language can be understood by a child. His name "EVEREST" mounts as high as any—Mountain in the world.

It's our Nation's Flag we'll honor,
It's the old "Red White and Blue,"
And our heroes in great number,
All deserve some portion too.
Keep the Union-Flag up-waving,
This remains for you to do,
While in all the years that's coming,
The old Banner will prove true.

Keep the good old Banner waving,
Read its history, thro' and thro',
While it's wonderful in meaning,
You can know it's ever true.
Through the nation's early struggle,
Now it's pleasant to relate,
How they all sang "Yankee Doodle,"
When the British met their fate.

Cheer the Nation's flag, "Old Glory,"
True it waves in ev'ry land,
And in our own beloved country,
Children wave it with the hand.
O'er the schools it's daily waving,
Where the coming patriots stand,
Where they study books relating—
To the history of our land.

When twilight shades goldenly o'er me,
And touches each valley and hill;
Then I pause in the vision before me,
To behold one that's lovelier still.
Through the veil I gaze up to heaven,
"Where angels are white robed and free,"
Where no sorrow can darken or riv'n,
There glory is shining for me.

There they weary not in adorning,
There they never say good bye,
There the night is bright as morning,
There nothing can wither or die.
The cherubims that sing up in heaven,
Sing not by the dim light of day;
But brilliant in songs of true glory,
They sing in the glorified way.

Oh! for a home in that bright glory,
That shines with its beautiful beams;
From the Kingdom that radiates o'er me,
The place I now cherish in dreams.
I'm glorified through God's salvation,
My being is blooming in love;
My Saviour who gave his life for me,
I'll praise in His Kingdom above.

I once stood upon the bank of the river,
And view'd the waters that flow'd rippling by,
And there in the sparkling sunlight of beauty,
Did I see there a picture of time on the fly?
While looking before me and over the river,
I saw the sunlight and shade on the shore;
And as the birds sang so sweetly that morning,
'Twas a picture of love I ne'er saw before.

I walked forth along the bank of the river,
In pleasure and joy that could never be told;
I paused and beheld the beauties of nature,
As the water roll'd by me so free and so bold.
This river runs winding its way to the sea,
And the sea it flows outward to ev'ry land;
And many a thought came in rapture to me,
Of the wisdom of God we scarce understand.

We are going down the course of life's river,
As millions of millions have journeyed before,
Where all the light and the glory of heaven,
Is shining for us on the golden shore;
The days of our journey are passing along,
Our joys and sorrows here soon will be o'er,
While river's of love, "will flow on forever"
From the fountain o'er that beautiful shore.

HE'S NO BETTER
THAN HE OUGHT TO BE.

He's no better than he ought to be,
When he holds a high position,
He's no better than he ought to be,
Through any line or station.
He must be honored by his friends
Who can picture him the best,
But when he builds upon life's way,
Then his motives tell the rest;
No matter if the people shout—
He's better than his brother,
Who notes the fashions ev'ry day
And writes about the weather.

He's no better than he ought to be,
If he's born from high relation,
He's no better than he ought to be
You'll hear in ev'ry station.
If on his neighbors you should call,
In gossip they will mention,
And tell about the one they know
Who's agent for promotion.
He would always do his level-best,
To win in State or Nation;
And now he's money to invest
In some great combination.

He's no better than he ought to be,
In this world of speculation,
While noted men of high degree
Must live on elevation.
They are the men the people trust,
And give their kind attention,
Don't train yourself to be deceived
And bring on lamentation.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

Think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure.

You will spoil every thing you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of every thing; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory, that he fell from heaven to hell.

He was not content to give up his own will, and to do God's will like the other angels. He would-be a master himself and rejoice in his own glory, and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found he had made a hell.

His love was false and deceiving,
And in action now he's shy,
I know for once I loved him,
But he never-more comes nigh.
His words have been misleading,
They caused my heart to thrill;
I'll sometime try to meet him
And then lend him my good will.
He can never-more deceive me
And in this he'll understand;
He has sever'd my love forever,
And he may go to the sand.

His love was false, as false could be,
While my heart was ever true;
The letter last he wrote to me,
Made me feel most dreadful blue.
I knew not he was deceiving,
Till after that letter came,
It shattered my nerves to read it,
And wearied my slender frame;
Our plans were made for the future,
Then my heart was full of joy;
But soon after reading his letter,
No more faith could I employ.

His love was false "I know it,"
And now I'll tell you why;
He sought the hand of another,
Who could dress so fine "oh-my!"
And then he planned to leave me,
And to falsify my name;
He wrote I was unfaithful,
And all that sort of thing;
Just because the other girl,
Could wear a diamond ring.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Fashion kills more women than toil or sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, and a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardship of poverty and neglect.

The slave-woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away.

The washer-woman; with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toil, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashionably pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of life.



How quick the growing child will find,
That pleasure somehow cheer the mind;
And sadness when it takes it's rise
Is the great reminder of true ties.

Some selfish motives may beguile,
They come to every grown up child;
But we should take a higher view,
The life that's right, is always true.

The grown up child should master self,
And find the way to spirit wealth;
And love the songs, the birdies sing
That come to cheer us in the spring.

The growing child will kindly see,
How self-conceit is one big-I-Be!
While praising others leads the way
To grander motives day by day.

How pure is love that never dies,
It's fountain dwells above the skies?
It is the way, when leaving earth,
It's always known in christian birth.

There is one, who can well deceive,
And he can never the soul relieve;
His name is Satan, and he'll dwell
On ever line that leads to-Hades.

The Church of God should ever be,
A place where sinners bow the knee;
 Where they can find a helping hand,
 To guide them to the promise land.
The Church must stand upon this line,
And teach the "Holy Word Divine:"
 No place on earth is better known,
 It is the christian's corner stone.

All gospel preachers in ev'ry land,
Should first seek the Saviour's hand;
 Then through pardon find the way,
 That will inspire them day by day;
Then in the power, thro' love Divine,
Proclaim the gospel to all mankind;
 And tell the sinner "HOW THEY KNOW,"
 That God can save from sinful woe.

The vile sinner to Church should go,
And plead for pardon from all woe;
 When justified, by faith made clear,
 The light of peace will then appear;
Then they will rightly understand,
That inspiration is not of man;
 It's God within the soul and mind,
 It is His way to save mankind.

A mother's prayer with tearful eyes,
Down beside the couch of pain;
Where her suffering daughter lies
And all human aid is vain.
There she implores the aid Divine,
And in earnest pleading cries—
"Lord save—O! save in Jesus name,
Save my daughter, or she dies."

Better, -far better, her true desire
Should rise to God in prayer,
Than burn within the breast like fire
While her hope did linger there.
'Tis well to know that God can hear,
Our poor imperfect prayers;
And never should we doubt or fear,
To cast on Him all our cares.

An angel came to view the child,
And while looking o'er the nest,
The sick child embraced the angel,
And soon entered into rest.
Then quickly her life departed,
For the Kingdom of the blest,
The angel had the key to heaven
And the child upon his breast.

Soon the angel crossed the river,
With his little burden lent,
O'er the way to dwell forever—
In holy comfort and content.
Little children dwell in heaven,
Far above earth's dismal street
And the sultry air of summer,
Or the storms of winter's sleet.

Friends may see a solemn picture,
Through this comely story told,
Peace and plenty in the cottage;
They were wealthy, rich in gold;
Yet the house was full of sadness,
Gloom and sorrow entered there,
Friends looked in the little chamber
Where the darling slept up stair.

Curtains hung in golden splendor,
Carpets velvet, hushed their tread;
And many costly toys were lying
All unheeded near the bed.
Clouds of sorrow, soon came over,
And all were tearful in grief,
Moments then of lovely nature
Came from Him who gave relief.

Life is never free from trials,
Trials come from everywhere;
Should we live in joy and gladness—
We will not be free from care.
Thro' the happy days of childhood,
And the pleasures then so fair,
They were jewels in life's trials
Now we carry everywhere.

We may find our greatest trials,
Coming on where we have sown,
We may seek to borrow trouble
And then try to hide our own.
We may all have bitter trials,
That will linger a long while;
For we live in human nature
But we never should be vile.

We all know that life in parting,
Leaves a dread and tearful tho't;
Still we can by faith and working,
Live here now just as we ought.
Grieving o'er the home-like trouble,
Brings on sadness dark as night!
It's no use to fret and grumble
It will never bring true light.

When trials o'er-flow in sorrow,
And the heart is throbbing sad;
Then the teardrops and the sighing
Will cause others to feel bad.
Sadly then we think of dear ones,
Who have left us on this shore;
They never will return again
To live their sufferings o'er.

REFORMS.

Some people are always much troubled about excitement in prosecution of reformatory enterprises. They fear disastrous consequences from the enforcement of a law against the traffic in ardent spirits—or from the preaching of Christian truth. They deprecate excitement. Evil, they say, will result from it, to individuals, and the cause. To all such timid ones we commend the following language of D'Aubigne; spoken in reference to the reformation of the fifteenth century, but equally applicable to all time.

“Undoubtedly,” he says, “a thorough reform could not be accomplished without violence.

But when has any thing good or great ever appeared among men without causing agitation?”

Have Perfect Peace and joyful be,
True Peace upon earth's sod;
It is well known in righteousness
Among true saints of God.
It's Perfect Peace the Lord will give,
Now His spirit can restore;
It is His will, the world must know
To save the rich and poor.

It's Perfect Peace and holiness,
The way our Saviour taught,
The only happy way, "I know—"
To live as people ought.
The Lord will keep in Perfect Peace,
Those who are trusting Him—
With purpose true and definite,
No more to harbor sin.

Once Jesus heard my humble cry,
His spirit came and said—
"Behold My Peace I give to thee,"
In shame I bowed my head;
The light of Perfect Peace came in,
My faith was born anew;
He pardoned me from all my sins
And now I'm saved, 'tis true.

My soul is joyous in the Lord,
His Peace abides with me,
He hath regard for my estate—
“His mercy made me free;”
He took me out of bondage then,
When burdened down in sin;
My soul is now in Perfect Peace,
The joy-bells ring within.

KING OF LOVELINESS.

If our love in its highest conception is not divinely drawn it is because we have forgotten to admire the fountain of beauty, and to cultivate that delicate intimacy with the “King of Loveliness,” who would rejoice to transmit His secret to friends. Under the influence of this mighty friendship every form of sin has been conquered;—suffering and anguish have been borne with courage and hope, insults with meekness,—bereavement with a smile, care and toil with a song, and sacrifice with open arms.

It has armed weakness with strength, despair with hope, and indolence with energy. By it the world becomes wiser, better and purer.

Beautiful gleam of the far off shore,
Heaven I view as never before;
Pure and unspotted in rapture of love,
Jesus is there with the saints above.

REFRAIN.

Beautiful vision the crown of my tho't
Beautiful vision of heaven I've sought;
Beautiful-beautiful, "angels of light,"
Sinless in glory, they're robed in white.

Beautiful home in heaven for me,
Never a place where sorrow can be;
There in the sparkling glorified time
Angels of love forever will shine.

Beautiful tho't that reaches the skies,
Jesus is there to bless all the ties;
Meekly and lovely in heaven to meet,
Glory to God for the way complete.

Beautiful light o'er the crystal sea,
Oceans of love are flowing for thee;
Saved from sorrow we enter that shore,
Saved in glory to part nevermore.

Beautiful time, in love, peace and joy,
Brilliant in hope and free from alloy;
Visions of rapture, inspiring within,
Viewing a kingdom, free from all sin.

Between husband and wife there should be no strife for supremacy. According to nature the husband is the heaven-ordained HEAD; but each should study the other's follies as well as virtues; begin gentle toward the first—and give honor to the last. Daily young people are accepting the duties of the married state who are uneducated for the life upon which they enter so thoughtlessly. The young wife has been tenderly shielded from all the cares or hardship of real life.

The young husband may know more of the "rough and tumble" of life, may have better studied men and their ways; but, unless brought up with sisters, he knows little of women.

If he has a natural, tender, kind and loving heart, all will be well. He will "feed" his "bears." The old saying, that "no quarrel can stalk about on one leg," contains a good deal of wisdom.

Would that husbands and wives would bear in mind that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." The greatest rivers have their sources in small streams; and the bitterest domestic misery has often arisen from some trifling difference of opinion, when the "soft answer" would have smoothed all the ripples in the matrimonial current.

When we see how large a proportion of the

children of this age are entirely undisciplined at home, can we wonder that strife and heart-burnings in married life seem on the increase?

Unless children can be taught self-control and unselfishness before they leave the home circle, to become the light and life of another home, we can not hope that their lives will be happy or their dwellings the abode of peace.

Much unhappiness would be avoided if husbands and wives could only be as well-bred and polite to each other after marriage as they were before. It would seem, often, as if their good breeding was laid aside with the marriage dress. As children grow up around them, they follow in their parents' footsteps.

If the mother is heedless of the father's wishes and wanting in proper deference to his judgment, her sons and daughters will soon adopt her ways. If the father is indifferent or careless of the mother, meeting her remarks with ridicule or sneers, you may look for the fruits of his example in the children.

Keep scraping and plowing and hoeing de rows,
And when de season over you pay all you owes;
But if you quit working when de sun-shine hot,
The sheriff may levy and take all dat you got.

I love a pleasant countenance,
A smile upon the face—
It denotes peace and happiness
That loves the human race.
I love the hero brave and true,
Who dares for right to stand
And carry out true principles,
That honor God and man.

I love the home where peace and joy
And light can enter in,
Where the songs of praise they raise—
To keep their hearts from sin.
I love to hear the song birds sing,
The children laugh and play;
While time is passing on the wing,
With blessings for each day.

I love to view the wild flowers,
And gather some at noon,
And carry them about in hand
And breathe their sweet perfume.
I love to see the sun-shine bright,
And watch its setting ray,
And view the shadows on the hill—
Just o'er the other way.

I love to view the mountains high,
The valleys and the plains,
And many scenes I must pass by
That's charming all the same.
I love the rivers and the lakes,
The ocean wide to view;
From shore to shore we can adore,
For God hath made them true.

OBEDIENCE.

Some children are ready to yield as soon as they see by the mother's manner that she is about to punish them. In the case of the child who at first refused to come when called, suppose, when he saw you rise to punish him, he yielded and CAME RUNNING, would it be best to relent and omit the punishment? If your object had been simply to secure that one act of obedience, no punishment would be required; but if your object is to secure a uniform habit of obedience, I answer he has been guilty of disobedience, and should be dealt with accordingly.

I once knew a mother who had so trained her child that he never thought it necessary to obey her, unless he saw her start to rise from her chair to come to him, and then he darted away to fulfill her command. I would not care for such obedience as that.

Now concerning this subject we too often forget the significance of our Master's question:

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

How often we see the covetous person directly opposed to the obvious fact that all men are as much under obligation to do business for the glory of God as any are to go on a mission to the heathen, or preach and pray for the same.

In each of these ways the Church, by the life of many of its covetous members, indicate to the world that business is their first object and religion the second; that money is the principle thing and holiness subordinate.

Let us enter some of our wealthy Sabbath congregations and see what disclosures are made. Here sits a young man and respectable member of the Church, entering on a prosperous business. He owns a neat residence on Merchant's Row. He does not consider himself penurious. He gives to charitable objects on occasions; but, because he is just beginning his career, he feels justified in giving sparingly.

He intends to do more when better able; but he never comes to feel any better able.

As Providence smiles on his efforts, the ardor of his love grows cool.

Secret prayer grows irksome as his income grows larger, and is finally abandoned, and family prayer goes with it.

Riches have increased, and he has set his heart upon them. He is a covetous person, and yet is in good and regular standing.

Had he in the beginning formed a plan for doing good, and extended it as his wealth increased, he would have been more than safe in his Profit and Loss account.

But he had not such plans, and consequently yielded more and more to the covetous spirit, till he well-nigh made shipwreck of his faith.

This is the history of thousands who in early life were promising members of the Church.

“When I had but little,” said a man under deep conviction of his error, “it seems to me as hardly worth saving—but when my fortune became large, it then appeared very important that it should be kept together and accumulating.” He is now able to take the advantage of others. He shows the best part of an article as a specimen, and then sells the worst.

His Christian consistancy is destroyed, and his early religious influence is lost. He becomes a burden and a reproach to the Church, and covetousness is the cause.

When the Pearly Gates are open,
And Jesus shall appear;
Oh, how bright will be the dawning,
Through Heaven's atmosphere.
Angels then will pass before us,
In their robes white and clear;
What a greeting there together,
When we all shall appear.

Thro' the silvery mist that vails us,
In death loved ones have flown;
By and by we'll sometime meet them
With Jesus on His Throne.
Blessed name in love excelling,
He from earth went away,
He is coming back, "He's coming!"
Before the judgement day,

When a voice in tender sweetness,
From Heaven calls the blest,
Then we'll pass beyond earth's portals
And enter perfect rest.
Glory then will shine upon us,
No future need we dread,
For our King is King in glory
And King o'er all the dead.

It is our business in this world to secure an interest in the next. They that spend their days in faith and prayer shall end their days in perfect peace; who would not deny himself for a time that he may enjoy himself forever?

The Devil promises comfort, and pays in sorrow. If you follow Satan you will find the tempter to be the tormenter. If you follow God you will find the counsellor to be a comforter.

It matters not who are our accusers if Christ be our advocate; Christ made himself like us that He might make us like Himself.

If we live to worship God here, He will take us up to worship Him above; we will change place but not the employment.

The Devil would as soon pluck Christ out of heaven as out of a believers heart. Never use the garb of christianity in which to serve the enemy of christianity. If a man claims to have been pardoned from all his sins, and he believes still that he is a sinner, is he not virtually working in the interest of the Devil? Man that is born of the spirit of God, hates sin, and will not enter into that which he hates.

“Verily, Verily, I say unto you whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.” “Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name.”

In true honor we should labor,
Free from sin and paltry-pelf;
And then keep this maxim ever,
"Love thy neighbor as thyself,"
Life is not a dream or vision,
It's of value more than earth:
And to forgive and be forgiv'n,
Is all golden full of worth.

If you see your brother stumble,
And then fall out by the way,
Help him up if you are able
Then a kind word have to say.
We should try to help each other,
With a motive true and right;
We must try to win God's favor
And have honor in His sight.

In this world there's nothing better,
Than God's grace full and free;
It will keep out sinful pleasure,
It will cause the blind to see.
Seek His love in truth and honor,
And thus cultivate the mind:
If you sow the seeds of discord—
You will reap that very kind.

Never say that you love Christ if you love sin, which was an enemy to His life and spirit when He was on earth, and is an enemy to His glory now He is in heaven.

The mirth of the wicked is like the laughter of a mad man, that knows not his own misery: When God pours out His spirit upon man, then he quickly discovers that all arguments against His word are fallacies; all conceits against His word is folly; and all opposition against His word is madness.

The soul that was made for God can find no abiding happiness but in God, through His Son, Jesus Christ. "Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and that wherewith one may edify another, in the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace."

We should ever remember that we must give an account to God how we spend our days, one day spent in sin is too much—endeavour to be truly and thoroughly religious, and be not discouraged at the difficulties; "for as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Do not contend for every trifle, whether it be a matter of right or of opinion. It is but little of the world that is gold or silver.

Sinful deeds are all disgraceful,
They bring sadness to the home;
They at first may not seem hurtful,
But in time the work is known.
It is wisdom we should treasure,
Look to one who rules on high;
Be of value to your Saviour,
Bid all sinful work good bye.

One small lie may cause disaster,
For it often leads to more:
Thus old Satan through his spirit,
Ruins people by the score.
Life is never pure in meanness,
It's through evil sin will grow;
Read the Bible and be joyous—
It is Jesus you should know.

Little sins will lead to greater,
They are often seeds of woe;
Keep within the christ-like nature,
Sowing kindness where you go.
Let no motive have your favor,
If deceitful, "that you know,"
For the sinful deeds in pleasure,
Are the surest ones to grow.

Man is the greatest enemy to himself when he allowes himself to be in bondage to sin. It is not of God that men are condemned, but of themselves, even their own willfulness, they live to sin because they will,—that is because they will not seek salvation.

What is sin but wrong doing, it is sometimes like a bee with honey in its mouth, but a sting in its tail. Many a man shifts his sins as they do their clothes; they put off one to put on another; this is but waiting upon the Devil in a new livery. It is not a talking, but walking with God that gives a man the denomination of christian. In regard to natural life, we live in God: in regard to spiritual life Christ lives in us.

Christ hath entreated God to be reconciled to us, and now He entreats us to be reconciled to God. If you forget Him when you are young He may forget you when you are old.

There is no honor known to the world like the relationship to Christ, no riches like the grace of Christ, no learning like the knowledge of Christ; and no person like the servants of Christ, If sin were better known, Christ would be better thought of. We must all pass through the door of eternity; man does not die because he came from clay, but because he is infected with sin.

It's no dream that life must sever,
There's no sham in plans Divine;
We will sometime cross life's river,
To where sin can never climb;
Then with Christ we'll enter glory,
Then we'll hear the angels sing—
There in joy all pure and lasting,
Dwell forever with our King.

We can all have faith and courage,
While we journey day by day;
We can build on God's foundation,
'Till this life has passed away.
Then we'll hear the angels story,
As we meet the dear ones there:
Then we'll share each others glory,
In God's Kingdom ev'ry-where.

Up in mansions saints will gather,
All those worthy have a share,
They will always know each other
In that Realm bright and fair;
We must seek and find the Saviour,
Who will take our sins away,
Then He'll bless our ev'ry favor
While we sing or while we pray.

If heaven does not enter into us by way of holiness, we shall never enter by way of happiness. We speak to God in prayer, He speaks to us in His word. The church cannot live without the promise.

When entering the Church of God for worship, leave all worldly conversation outside; how can we expect God to honor us, if we do not honor Him. To prevent Satan from running the Church, "let the Saviour in."

Darkness may as well put on the name of light as a wicked man the name of christian.

A desire for happiness is natural; a desire for holiness is super-natural. There is no way from sin to holiness, till we pass from sin to Christ.

If we have not confessed our sins and found pardon, we still remain in rebellion to God.

All true christians should be like Noah's ark that was pitched within and without, they must have a holy inside and a holy outside, profession and practice must agree together.

"They who will not hear Christ say come to Me in the day of grace, shall hear Him say depart from Me in the day of judgement."

A church may live for years without Christ, "having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Praise God in little bands and sing,
With voices tuned for heav'n,
Oh, sing His praise where e'er you can,
Rejoice when sins forgiv'n;
Oh, praise the Lord in daily toil,
When burden blends with care—
Proclaim your Saviour's holy name
In pure and fervent prayer.

The noblest men e'er on this earth,
Have in God's love been blest,
They gave the homage of their heart
To Him who gave them rest.
Oh, praise the Lord and never fail,
While faith you can employ,
Keep true the covenant you make,
And sing true songs of joy.

Praise God ye earthly stars of light,
The world is watching you:
The craggy rocks, and mountains high
Have taken on their view;
And from each cliff and lofty peak,
Will peals of gladness come!
When all the people on the earth
Shall worship God's dear Son.

Is it not true that many are on their death-beds before they think rightly of life?

They are going out of the world, while they begin to know whereof they come in it.

We came into it for this great business, to save our souls in the faith and obedience to God, but when we have time to do it, we neglect or forget that business, and then begin to think of it when the time appointed is gone.

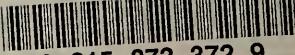
We spend time in doing nothing and more in doing evil, but little or none in that great matter whereof we were born. The soul must be in perplexity at the hour of death, that seeth the day spent and the assigned business not begun.

A traveler that seeth the sun setting when he is entering on the journey must be aghast!—the evening of the day and the morning of the task do not well agree together.

THE END.

Heaven's door will be open
When we come in view;
If, spotless and robed in white,
There none of this world—
Can ever pass through;
Without the Saviour's true light.

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